McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1911 NO. 17

HOUSE DECLARES FOR RECIPROCITY ON FRIDAY

Adopted by Vote of 264 to 89, Without Amendment

79 REPUBLICANS VOTE AGAINST

Bill Has Gone to Senate for Consideration—Is Predicted to Pass This Body by a Majority of at Least 23.

By a vote of 264 to 89 the bill providing for reciprocity between the United States and Canada passed the House Friday, without amendment. The announcement of the vote was greeted with prolonged applause from both sides of the House.

Only ten Democrats voted against the measure. There was 79 Republicans who voted in the negative. The most active opposition to the bill came from the Insurgents who, under the guise of offering amendments, attempted to delay and render the bill ineffective.

Pennsylvania members who voted for the measure were:

Barchfield,	Griest,
Bingham,	Gregg,
Bowman,	Lee,
Burke,	McCreary,
Butler,	McHenry,
Crago,	Matthews,
Difenderfer,	Moon,
Donohoe,	Porter,
Farr,	Rothermel,
Olmsted,	Speer,
Palmer,	Wilson.

Those who voted against it were:

Dalzell,	Lafean,
Focht,	Langham,
Patton,	Moore,
Hartman.	

Representative Bates, who was ill, was not present, and Kipp did not vote.

According to present indications the [illegible]

The bill seeks to put into effect the formal agreement reached between President Taft and members of the Canadian cabinet, for a reduction of tariff rates on many articles and free trade in many others across the Canadian border. Added to it by the Democratic leaders is a section which "authorizes and requests" President Taft to make further efforts to secure still freer trade relations with Canada, in the form of additional reciprocal relations.

The attempt to amend the agreement began with the final reading of the bill. The threats of Republicans opposed to the measure to make the Democrats vote against amendments for free meat, free lumber, and free agricultural machinery were carried out, but as their party leaders declared that any amendment would defeat the whole trade agreement they cheerfully voted these amendments down.

The Republicans who taunted them with opposing free admission of these important products were met with the assertion that the Democrats would lay the new "farmers' free list bill" before the House next week, and that an opportunity would then be given to vote for free meat, machinery, lumber and a score of other things. This defense was met by Republican standpatters with the charge that the Democrats knew the free list bill could not pass the Senate nor secure the President's approval.

Attempts to put fresh and canned meats on the free list section of the Reciprocity bill were made by Representatives Martin of South Dakota, Foster of Vermont, Lenroot of Wisconsin, and Norris of Nebraska. Representative Lenroot finally proposed the whole Democratic free list bill as an amendment, and although Representative Sherley of Kentucky, who was presiding, ruled that it was in order, the Democrats stocially voted against it.

The section of the bill relating to free admission of pulp and paper provoked the sharpest discussion, drawing from Representative Mann of Illinois, the Republican leader, the statement that it was exactly the terms agreed upon by the two countries.

Former Speaker Cannon bitterly attacked this section of the bill.

"Let's bring Canada down here and surrender the halls of Congress to them," exclaimed Mr. Cannon.

I deal in everything connected with the Bicycle Business also repairing done at STRONG'S PLUMBING SHOP. Apr.13-4t

FIRE LAST NIGHT.

Barn Back of County Jail Partially Destroyed Last Night.

The barn back of the county jail, which belongs to the county, was destroyed by fire last night and the cornice on the jail building was quite badly burned.

At 2 o'clock this morning the fire whistle's tooting announced a fire, and the five companies of the fire department were soon on the scene and Hose company 2 soon had a good stream of water on the building. The water main on King street is a small one, and when another stream was turned on it was found that the pressure was insufficient, and only one stream could be used. The barn was very close to the jail building and several other dwelling houses in that neighborhood, and the fact that there was no wind saved these structures.

In the barn at the time of the fire were two cows and a buggy which were saved, and an incubator, from which it is supposed the fire originated.

The loss is estimated at $500, which is covered by insurance.

MAURICE HANLEY DEAD.

Former Smethport Young Man Died in Youngstown, Ohio.

Maurice Hanley, aged 27 years, died in Youngstown, Ohio, on Tuesday, April 25, 1911, of enlargement of the heart, brought on by a complication of ailments. Mr. Hanely was stricken suddenly and passed away before any of his relatives could be notified. He was a traveling salesman and was in Youngstown on business when stricken.

Maurice Hanley was well known in this borough, where he spent the early days of his life, and was liked by everybody with whom he came in contact. He was a prosperous and energetic young man and had a bright future before him.

He is survived by his father, William Hanley, and one sister, Mazie Hanley, both of Duquesne, to whom [illegible] the remains were taken to Duquesne where he will be laid at rest beside his mother, who died last November. The funeral services are being held to-day.

I. O. O. F. AT ST. MARYS.

Large Gathering of Elk-McKean Association Held Yesterday.

The eighth annual meeting of the Elk-McKean anniversary association [illegible] at St. Marys yesterday and commemorated the 92nd anniversary of the I. O. O. F. The day was ideal and the program was carried out in a most satisfactory manner.

It is said that nearly 800 people were in line for the big parade which was pulled off at 2 o'clock. The Smethport Odd Fellows and band led the parade and presented a fine appearance. The ball game and public meeting after the parade drew large crowds as did the Elk Minstrels in the evening.

About 100 people including the members of the order and band were in attendance from this place and all report a good time. They highly praise the entertainment furnished by St. Marys.

P., S. & N. TO RE-ORGANIZE.

Rumors That Receiver Will be Discharged and New Operations Begun.

There is a rumor afloat that the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad will soon undergo a complete reorganization. This probably means that the present receiver, Frank Sullivan Smith, will be discharged and a new board of officers elected. Of course there have been many groundless rumors afloat for a long time past, but from information at hand which is perhaps not generally known we have reason to believe that this rumor is true.

It is pretty certain that this road will be running into Pittsburg in a short time and that vast improvements will be made along the line in the near future.

It is also stated that work will be commenced on the long-promised new depot in this place, and that its location will be at the corner of Water and Mechanic streets.

For Sale or Rent.

A farm of 60 acres for sale or rent, situated at the head of Bloomster Hollow. Fine orchard. House, with cellar, and out buildings on it. For information call at this office or to

GEORGE A. SCHLEIFF,
Apr.13-tf Straight, Pa.

LOCATED AT ANDOVER.

S. H. Cleveland Has Purchased Store in New York State Village.

S. H. Cleveland has purchased a grocery store in Andover, N. Y., and is moving his family to that place where they will reside in the future. The store he purchased formerly belonged to B. Reeseman, and in conversation with a well-known Andover man we learn that Mr. Cleveland has a good location and a good business which can be enlarged with the proper amount of hustle behind it.

This will be pleasing news to Mr. Cleveland's many friends in Smethport and vicinity. Mr. Cleveland is a man who has had considerable experience in the mercantile business and possesses the necessary energy to push a business to success. He is a man of unquestioned honor and integrity and we have no hesitency in recommending him to the people of Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and two children who are taking up a new home in Andover have the best wishes of a large circle of friends here. And while they will be greatly missed in social and business life here all wish them success and happiness in their new home.

Mr. Cleveland's departure makes a vacancy here in the office of chief burgess and it will be hard to get a better man than he. He has always been attentive to his duties and has acted in a capable fearless manner.

HAD NARROW ESCAPE.

Clarence Sherer, R. F. D. No. 4 Carrier, Nearly Run Down on Kushequa Tracks.

Clarence Sherer, mail carrier on the Rural Free Delivery route No. 4, had a narrow escape from a horrible death, on Marvin street, where the Kushequa tracks cross, last Saturday morning.

He was starting out on his daily trip and as he neared the tracks he saw a heavy freight train coming into the place on the Shawmut, and the noise was so loud that [illegible] his horse [illegible] from [illegible] equa, until his horse was on the tracks.

When he realized the situation it was too late to get across the tracks, but by quick action he managed to back his horse enough so that by swinging quickly to the right the engine passed him with less than a foot of margin. No damage was done, but it was a narrow escape.

These crossings, situated as they are, are dangerous to the traveling public, and it is a wonder that some serious accident has not occurred at this point before this.

RUFFALO-McGUIRE.

Well-Known Smethport Young People Married at Cleveland on Tuesday.

Word was received here yesterday that Mr. John Ruffalo of Youngstown, Ohio, and Miss Edith, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire of this borough were united in marriage at Cleveland, Ohio, at noon, Tuesday, April 25, 1911, at the Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Dean Frank Dumoshine performing the ceremony.

After a brief honeymoon trip to Detroit and other western points Mr. and Mrs. Ruffalo will take up their residence in Youngstown, where they will be at home to their friends.

The bride is one of the most charming and accomplished young ladies in Smethport's younger social set, and the groom is an able young lawyer, who has spent several years here in fitting himself for his chosen profession and who located in Youngstown a few months ago where he is now enjoying a lucreative practice. Both have hosts of friends in Smethport who unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB DANCE NEXT THURSDAY.

The fourth division of the Travellers' Club invite you to attend a dance and card party at the Lyceum, Thursday, May 4th. The nine ladies of the committee, with Mrs. Guy McCoy as chairman, are making delightful plans for your entertainment. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish the music, and dancing will begin at 8:30 o'clock. A progressive euchre will be conducted on the stage for all who enjoy the game. Refreshments will be served and a good time assured. The tickets are $1.00 per couple. Extra ladies 25c. Come one and all. Bring plates, cups and spoons.

For Sale.

An incubator and brooder. Inquire at this office. Apr.27-2t

CIVIL COURT NEWS.

Cases Disposed of the Latter Part of Last Week.

The case of N. C. Patterson against the Exchange Mutual Fire Insurance Co. was tried before Judge Ormerod of Potter county and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of $216.13. The company had failed to pay insurance on a property burned in a Bolivar Run fire, some time ago, alleging that the house was not owned by the plaintiff. The jury concluded that he was an owner, at least, to the extent of the verdict given.

The case of the Libbey Gas Co. vs. The Smethport Glass Co. was taken up Thursday afternoon, and the attorneys agreed to waive a jury trial and submit the matter to Judge Bouton for adjudication. Judge Bouton will render his decision at a later date.

Francis M. Nash, of the law office of Brown & Schoonmaker, Bradford, was admitted to the bar of McKean county. Mr. Nash is a capable young man who has the necessary qualifications to attain sucess in the legal profession.

William Karney pleaded guilty to begging under the tramp act. He was sent to the Allegheny county work house for nine months.

William Scott pleaded guilty to begging and received a like sentence by Judge Bouton.

The case of Henry Lovitz against the Edgett estate resulted in a verdict by the court's binding instructions to the jury, in favor of the defendants.

In the case of Margaret Spickernagle vs. C. S. Woolworth & Co. of Bradford, a non suit was granted.

In the case of A. J. Donohue vs. Moses Nusbaum of Bradford, a non suit was granted.

The case of Lena Hill vs. Anna Watterson of Bradford was non-suited.

Agostino Marci who got into a quarrel with Tony Pignataro over the affections of a young lady in Bradford on Feb. 19 last, and seriously wounded his rival plead guilty on Saturday to assault with intent to kill and was [illegible] ed with him for that institution on Tuesday.

HARRIS-WILKENSON.

Popular Smethport Young Couple Married in Bradford.

Saturday morning at 10 o'clock at the parsonage of the First Baptist church, Miss Carrie Zella Wilkenson and Stanley Irving Harris, both of Smethport, were united in marriage, Rev. W. M. Courson officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Pearl Camp, of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Harris left on a short wedding trip after which they will reside at Smethport, Pa., where both are well-known young people.—Bradford Era.

The bride is a well-known young lady in this place who has many friends, and the groom is a popular young glass bottle blower who has been employed in the Berney-Bond factory for some time. Their many friends here wish them a long and happy married life.

They now reside in a part of the house on East street occupied by Mrs. John Witt.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions of Respect in Memory of Our Beloved Sister, Sadie Palmer.

Whereas: As it has pleased the All Wise Providence to again visit our Circle of the Protected Home Circle, and remove our beloved sister.

Resolved: That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to the little orphan and may He who doeth all things well watch over and guard him.

Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes; a copy be sent to the bereaved son; published in our town papers, and our charter be draped as a mark of respect for our departed sister.

MARY L. COLEGROVE,
MITTIE E. GREEN,
SARAH CONLEY.

CORN GROWING CONTEST.

The Smethport Fair Management Co-Operating with Penna. State College.

The relative value of corn is increasing. In many states the yields of the crop have been increased through corn-breeding associations and corn-growing contests. The average yield of corn in Pennsylvania should be much larger than it is at present. In order to interest the boys of the farms and to improve the character and yield of corn, the following outline of a corn-growing contest is suggested to organizations in the various counties in co-operation with the Pennsylvania State College:

Conditions.

1. This contest is open to any boy in Pennsylvania whose age does not exceed 20 years.

2. The corn shall be grown on a plot containing 40 square rods or one quarter of an acre.

3. Any variety of corn may be used. The contestants must select the seed, plant the crop, fertilize it and cultivate it as they may see fit.

4. Each contestant must make a report covering the variety grown; manner of selection of the seed; results of germination tests; character of soil; and its treatment previous to planting; kind and amount of fertilizer used; dates and character of cultivation, and dates of planting and cutting.

5. The plot of ground must be measured by two disinterested parties. One of the witnesses shall be a farmer and the other a teacher in the public schools or the pastor of a church. If these men are not available the County Superintendent, or the person in charge, in each county shall designate others to perform this service. The husking must be done, and the corn weighed in the presence of the same individuals. Very immature, mouldy or rotten corn shall not be included. The corn shall not be husked until it is in good cribbing condition and the witnesses must specify the condition of the corn.

6. Ten of the best ears shall be selected by each contestant and these will be judged by some competent person. These ears may be exhibited at some convenient place in each county at the time of judging. The conditions under which the corn is judged shall be decided in each county by the County Superintendent of Schools, or person in charge, and the corn after judging shall remain in his possession.

7. Blanks for reporting yields and score cards such as are used in judging corn will be furnished to each contestant.

[illegible] Awards [illegible] may [illegible] making the highest number of points in accordance with the following scale of points:

Yield	60
Sample [illegible]	30
Report	10
	100

A Corn Show

will be held at State College during Farmers' Week, at which the winners in each county shall be entitled to enter for sweepstake prizes.

Prizes.

To the three individuals scoring the highest number of points in each county the County Superintendent or other person in charge will arrange for ribbons or other prizes.

To the three scoring the highest number of points in the state contest prizes will be given as follows:

First: A Winter Course of twelve weeks at State College amounting to eighty-five dollars, at the Pennsylvania State College.

Second: Expenses to Farmers' Week at State College.

Third: Three books on agricultural subjects.

The corn after final judging shall remain the property of the contestant.

The McKean County Fair Association urges the boys of this county to enter the Corn-Growing contest. We have confidence in the McKean county boys that they can win some of the prizes offered by State College and to show our faith in them the McKean County Fair Association offers the following prizes to the three scoring the highest number of points in the county contest to be held at the fair this fall:

First: Car fare and board to Farmers' Week at State College.

Second: A $2.50 watch.

Third: Boys' Magazine, 2 years.

Act at once for it will soon be corn planting time. Write to-day to the Department of Agricultural Extension, State College, Pa., to help you win one of these prizes, or address

GUY McCOY, Secy.,
McKean Co. Fair Assn.,
Smethport, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

New eight-roomed house with good barn and two acres of land. Fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Address. LOCK BOX 428,
Apr.20-tf Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

12 colonies of Bees in double wall hives. Also 12 extra hives.

W. J. WILSON,
Apr.27-tf Colegrove, Pa.

TOLD BY JOHN J. McGRAW.

Story of the Game at Olean Wherein A Dog Ran Away With the Ball.

That famous "dog game" at Olean continues to be described in print from time to time, as the years pass. The latest version is in the New York Evening World and was written by John J. McGraw of the New York Giants. This is how he tells it:

The most remarkable piece of hard luck that cost a baseball victory and incidentally, caused E. E. Smathers, the millionaire horseman, to lose $500, occurred at Olean, N. Y., in 1890, in a game between the Bradford and Olean teams of the New York-Pennsylvania league. That is where I first started playing baseball, and I will never forget the incident.

E. E. Smathers was living there at the time and he was always a baseball fan as well as a heavy better. He got together $500 and bet every cent of it on the Olean team. There was as much excitement over the contest as if it had been played for the championship of the world. Neither side was hitting very well and the game had gone into the fourteenth inning, with the score tied, 2 and 2.

We thought we had an excellent chance to win in the next inning, as all our heavy batters were coming up. But they never got the chance. The crowd was a large one for Olean and the stands could not hold all the spectators. The overflow was strung out along the foul line, and when Egan came to bat for Bradford the umpire had to get the crowd off the foul line so that he would have a chance to hit in that direction.

There was a well-known character in the town who was a great friend of Smathers, and he was rooting his head off for Olean to win. He owned a little fox terrier that was almost as well known in the town as he was. Egan finally got one on the nose and drove a single within a foot of the foul line. The little dog seeing his master so excited, began to bark and jump around. When the ball came rolling toward the line the little terrier ran for it and grabbing it in his mouth, chased all [illegible] the field. The fielders ran after him as hard as they could, but the dog thought they were playing with him and kept on running with the ball. In the meantime Egan ran all the way around the bases and scored the winning run against us.

Smathers gamely stood his loss, but he has often told me that the worst part of it was that the dog that cost him the $500 and broke him that belonged to his friend. This story may not be new to a few of you, as Smathers made a great hit by telling it at the last trotters' meeting two years ago, but it is true, every word of it.

That game will never be forgot in Olean.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending April 22, 1911:

Brown, E. R.
Frisbee, Mr. H. E.
Martin, Frank H.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. E. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Flat for Rent.

The flat over my drug store will be vacant in a short time, and is now for rent.

Apr.13-tf H. C. WELLS.

Wanted.

Three or four unfurnished rooms or small house for light housekeeping. Address, Postoffice Box 505. 2t

Attention Farmers!

G. W. King of East Smethport has just received a carload of all grades of salt. Apr.6-tf

WHITE ROCK EGGS, $1.00 per sitting. B. S. Bayle, Smethport. 30-tf

Advertise in The Miner.

A READER OF HUMAN FACES.

Expert Was Clever In Some Ways, but Stupid In Love.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

At General Clarendon's house the other evening in a merry company of young people such as may very often be found, there the talk chanced to turn upon the reading of the human countenance. This topic was suggested by the presence of Walter Baring, whose recent articles on facial expression have been widely discussed. Baring was, of course, the only one of us whose opinion was worth a penny, but we had the usual readiness to display and defend our ignorant conjectures, the usual unwillingness to see the difference between a well considered theory and a mere notion. The upshot of it was that Baring consented to perform an experiment for us.

He wrote a sentence on a slip of paper and put it under a book on a table. Then he left the room. As had been agreed, we drew lots when he was gone, and the choice fell upon me to look at what he had written. It was: "When this is done you will have failed. I will have won."

I put the paper into my pocket and resumed my place. Baring had arranged us in a close group so that he could command our faces at a single glance. He returned and, standing before us, said:

"When this is done you will have failed. I shall have won."

It may have been the "shall" that caught me, for I had remarked, with surprise, the incorrect "will" in the written sentence. Though I was not conscious of any change of expression, my face must have betrayed me, for Baring instantly pointed me out.

"I will try it again," said he, "with a somewhat different trick."

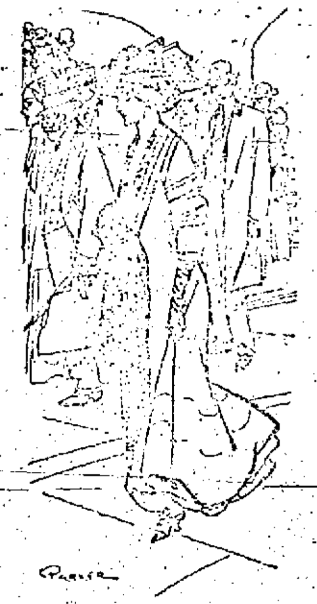
He wrote a longer sentence and stipulated that whoever should read it must remember it. The person chosen by lot in Baring's absence was Anna Clarendon, the general's daughter, and Baring singled her out without a moment's hesitation.

"It was you who read the sentence," said he, "but you've forgotten it."

This proved to be true. Baring had written one of those tangled absurdities which are so hard to memorize, and it had slipped from Miss Clarendon's mind. Her inward struggle to regain it was perfectly clear to Baring's trained eye.

There was a young man named Willis Rutherford present, and I observed that he was deeply impressed by Baring's exhibition, though it was not new to him, for the two were close friends, and Rutherford had seen many of these tests of [illegible].

"There wasn't the slightest [illegible] tion in Anna's face," said he to me



UNCONSCIOUS OF HIS PRESENCE, SHE PASSED HIM.

"I was watching her in that mirror. How the deuce does he do it? He's tried to show me, but I can't get the hang of it at all. But I believe he's taught her."

"Miss Clarendon?"

"Yes."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes she looks at me in a way that's like his."

"Baring doesn't come here very often," said I. "It is months since I've met him here."

"He comes occasionally," said Rutherford, with an uneasy manner that puzzled me.

Rutherford was supposed to be in love with Anna Clarendon. I had heard gossip about it several times since his return from abroad some months ago. Did he [illegible] for Baring's power in order to read [illegible] girl's heart, or did he fear her for some secret of his own if Anna should be taught too well?

There was a general impression that Rutherford had sown a heavy crop of wild oats, but I knew nothing to his serious discredit, and the fact that Baring, who was the soul of honor, still remained his friend was excellent evidence in his favor. Suppose, however, that Baring did know some secret of Rutherford's that should be a bar to his marriage with Anna Clarendon. Baring might be bound in honor not to betray his friend, and yet he might feel privileged to school Anna in the mysteries of character reading for her own protection. But this was mere guesswork on my part. The facts in the case came to my knowledge presently.

About noon of the next Saturday Baring and Rutherford met accidentally in that little piece of pandemonium that lies at the New York end of the Brooklyn bridge. Rutherford was about to descend the stairs to the subway, and Baring had just come up.

"I hear that you're going out to the Stuarts for the week end," said Rutherford.

Baring shook his head.

"No," said he; "I was asked, but I'm not going. In fact, old man, I'm not going anywhere any more."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Simply that the world is the world and I am poor," answered Baring. "All my friends are rich. I can't make money, so I must give up my friends. 'From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' When General Clarendon came into his brother's vast possessions the last link was broken that bound me to society. My patrimony is too small to mention. I'm a poor author; that's the size of me. My apartments are not a garret, but it's quite the same thing in these days."

"The Clarendons"—

"I know it. They're the last people in the world to found a distinction upon a difference of fortune. But they're not doing it, you see. I'm doing it."

"I used to think you were rather fond of Anna," said Rutherford, with more feeling than the simple words seemed to call for.

"I was and am and ever shall be," answered Baring, "but my hopes extend no further than that she may marry a good man." And he looked straight into Rutherford's eyes.

Rutherford laughed in an embarrassed fashion as he shifted his glance.

"Confound your parlor magic," said he. "I've seen so much of it that I can't bear to have you look at me."

"I don't see anything that you need be ashamed of," responded Baring.

"Then wish me well," said Rutherford. "Wish me well tomorrow."

Baring understood. Miss Clarendon was to be at the Stuarts' for the week end, and Rutherford had resolved to try the hazard of his happiness.

"I'm to meet Anna on the platform below," said Rutherford after a pause. "She has been at her father's office. We're going uptown together and then to the Stuarts on the 2 o'clock train with some others of the party. I must hurry. I should not have delayed so long. It is possible that Anna may be already on the platform. Walk along down with me."

They went down the stairs together and as far as the ticket office, where Baring bade his friend goodby. As he turned back toward the stairs he saw Miss Clarendon descending.

He was not in the mood to meet her, and so he stepped aside into the mouth of a gallery that opens from the [illegible]. She [illegible] to him, but did not [illegible] for a moment she [illegible] to look almost straight into his eyes. He observed her keenly. An extraordinary [illegible] took possession of him, and he exerted [illegible] power of his singular gift, developed by years of patient study. She was on her way to meet Willis Rutherford, of whose love for her it was [illegible] that she should be unaware. Unless she lacked the [illegible] of her sex she must know that he was on the very verge of a declaration. The next few hours would bring her the happiness of love [illegible] if indeed she loved. Could she carry this [illegible] in her heart and not reveal it to such an observer as Baring? In her [illegible] he had read trivial secrets in her face. Could he fail to read a secret which is [illegible] [illegible] even to [illegible] eyes?

Experience whispered to him that the moment was exceptionally opportune. The girl was hurrying to meet Rutherford. Surely if she cared for him his image would be clear in her mind. And haste itself relaxes the [illegible] whereby we overlay what is simple and natural with what is conventional.

Unconscious of his presence, she passed him and was gone. Baring put up his hands to his eyes and leaned for a moment against the tiled wall of the gallery. Shame and anguish swept over him like a bitter flood. He had spied upon the woman he loved. The long indulged habit of his peculiar study had tempted him with the sudden thought of an achievement difficult to the verge of impossibility, and at the trial it had proved to be far easier than the simplest of those tricks with which he was accustomed to astonish his intimates. If Anna Clarendon had confessed her love for Rutherford in the most precise terms which the language affords she could have added nothing to Baring's certainty. His bad angel, who had led him into this dishonorable experiment, had chosen a moment for it when the girl's secret was written in every feature.

Baring found his way to a little workroom of his high up in the towering structure, and there he sat down by the window and gazed out over the city. He hated every inch of it. The frightful ugliness and preposterous cost of the vast structures spread out before his eyes were typical of the frantic effort and hideous, worthless results of modern life. Contact with this life had deformed his soul, and he knew it. He had permitted the hobgoblin of wealth to frighten him away from the girl he loved, and now he had lost her. He beheld himself a coward, a weakling and a fool.

From these reflections he was summoned by a ring of the telephone bell. It was the voice of Rutherford that answered his hello.

"I say, old man, can't you reconsider?" said the voice. "I've just had Charlie Stuart on the phone, and he insists on your going along."

Baring declined to be persuaded, and as he spoke with his friend there came a note of hatred into his voice, and he recognized it with shame.

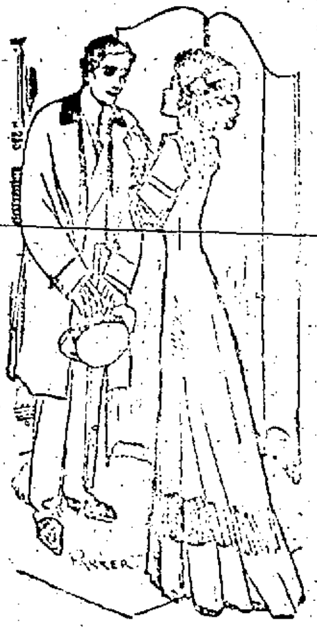
"Rutherford," said he by way of atonement, "I congratulate you in advance."

"Do—do you really think so?"

"Not a doubt of it," responded Baring, with a laugh that may have sounded all right at the other end of the wire. "Kneel and receive my blessing."

On Monday, about noon, Baring was seated again by the high window. There came a knock at the door, a pattering, rattling, crazy knock. Rutherford entered, his face drawn and old, his sun browned skin showing a yellowish pallor. Baring stared at him; no special skill was required to read that face.

"I'm going west this afternoon," said Rutherford. "Japan or thereabouts is my destination; it doesn't make much difference. I came back to town yesterday afternoon and spent all night packing up. Haven't touched a bed."



"HAVE YOU READ THAT IN MY FACE?" SHE ASKED.

"Willis," said Baring, laying a hand upon his shoulder, "this simply can't be. I know—I tell you I know—she loves you."

"She not only does not love me," answered Rutherford; "she scorns me. Well, I've led rather a wild life, but you know me pretty well. Am I worse than most men?"

"No," answered Baring, "but heaven knows what [illegible] malicious gossip [illegible] Anna. [illegible] [illegible] moral [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] help you [illegible] [illegible] set you right. I owe it to [illegible] [illegible]."

"You are very kind," said Rutherford, "but [illegible] the [illegible] hope. I have no longer the slightest pretensions. The field is quite open to others."

"When do you go?"

"At 6 o'clock. Don't come to the station. I just want to sneak away alone. Goodby."

Baring did not attempt to detain him, having resolved upon [illegible] then. He went directly to the Clarendons, and Anna received him.

"Anna," said he, "Willis Rutherford is my closest friend, the friend of my childhood. He has come to me in trouble. I am here to clear his good name."

She [illegible] his face for some [illegible].

"Mr. Rutherford has confided in you," said she. "I do not question the propriety of his doing so. But will you answer me this: Why do you believe that my rejection of Mr. Rutherford had anything to do with his good name?"

"Because I think you care for him, Anna," said he. "Your heart did not speak truly to him."

"Have you read that in my—face?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"I beg of you to tell me when."

He told her the precise truth. It was a relief to him to confess his fault.

"At the moment when you observed me," said she—"for which act, by the way, you have my full forgiveness—I was not thinking especially of Mr. Rutherford. I had a very simple, pleasant, friendly thought in my mind. I had seen you and Mr. Rutherford standing at the head of the stairway. I had seen you go down with him. I supposed that you were on your way to the Stuarts' week end party, and I was glad to know that you were going. That is all."

"You were thinking of me!"

"Yes."

"But I saw in your face as clearly as ever mortal vision saw anything"—

"Very well," she said as he paused, and suddenly the tears rushed into her eyes; "I don't deny it."

"Anna! You love me!"

"You great goose! You a reader of faces! You're a mere man, that's what you are. And you'll never get over being stupid, no matter how much you study. I read your face long ago."

THE CYCLOPEAN EYE.

It Exists Today In Rudimentary Form In Man's Brain.

The Greeks were, unwittingly, very near an anatomical truth when they ascribed to certain monsters called cyclops only one eye apiece, which was placed in the center of their foreheads.

The cyclopean eye exists today in the brains of men in a rudimentary form, for in the pineal gland we find the last vestiges of that which was once a third eye and which looked out into the world, if not from the center of the forehead, at least from very near that point. There is alive today a little creature which would put to shame the one eyed arrogance and pride of Polyphemus and Arges and Brontes and Steropes and all the rest of the single eyed gentry who, in the days of myths and myth makers, inhabited the "fair Sicilian isle."

The animal in question is a small lizard called Calotis. Its well developed third eye is situated in the top of its head and can be easily seen through the modified and transparent scale which serves it as a cornea. Many other lacertilians have this third eye, though it is not so highly organized as it is in the species just mentioned.

A tree lizard which is to be found in the mountains of east Tennessee and Kentucky has its third eye well developed. This little animal is called the "singing scorpion" by the mountaineers. On dissection the third eye will be found lying beneath the skin. It has a lens, retina and optic nerve.—New York Herald.

Getting Into German.

In the use of legal terms the German lawyer's gain in a saving of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

SHAVING IS NOT FATAL.

Barbers Nowadays Do Not Use Hammers and Cold Chisels.

In reply to a correspondent who says he yearns to have his flowing beard removed and yet lacks the Spartan firmness of the early martyrs to face the ordeal and makes a pathetic appeal for advice the alfalfa editor of the Emporia Gazette unfeelingly remarks:

"The alfalfa editor can offer no advice or encouragement to such a trembling soul. It seems probable that he has worn his whiskers for many years. It is likely that he hasn't purchased a shave for a quarter of a century and therefore is ignorant of the improvements in the art tonsorial which have been achieved in recent years. It is no longer like going through a slaughter house to an open grave to be shaved by an expert barber. In fact, that operation has been so shorn of its terrors that many eminent citizens consider it a pleasure to visit the barber. It is no longer necessary to strap a patient down in the chair before shaving him; neither is it necessary to administer anaesthetics to his whiskers.

"The man whose only reason for wearing whiskers is the fact that he fears the barber shop will gain little sympathy. If he tries to explain that he cannot shave himself without suffering the agonies of the all fired he will gain less. Such excuses might have had some force long ago, when barbers used hammers and cold chisels, but science has made giant strides in recent years, and the country is full of painless barbers, and a clean shave costs no anguish or [illegible]."

Automobiles

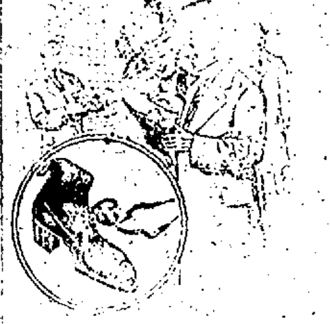
[illegible]

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six year [illegible] good work [illegible]

[illegible]

ALBERT [illegible]



GOOD JUDGES OF FOOTWEAR

[illegible] greatest degree of comfort, as well as beauty and [illegible] of form. This combination in its perfection is rare but in the shoes sold by ANDERSON & CARLSON it is a very prominent feature. The result of the highest attainable skill in shoemaking.

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S

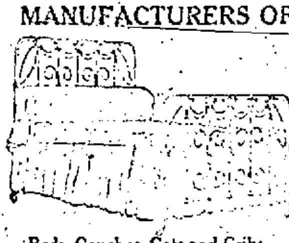
The Shoe Men,

Smethport, Penna

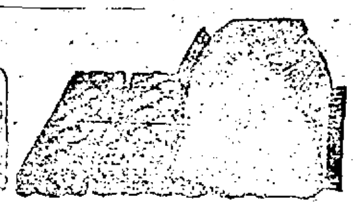
ADAMS-GARFIELD BEDDING COMPANY.

PITTSBURG, PA.

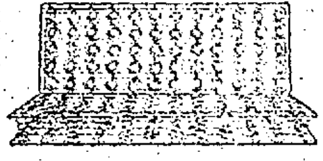
MANUFACTURERS OF BEDDING EXCLUSIVELY.



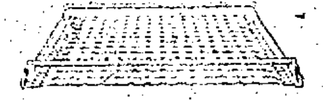
Beds, Couches Cots and Cribs.



Felt, Cotton and Combination Mattresses.



Coil Springs In all Styles.



"National" Springs, Woven Wire, Iron and Wood Frame Springs.

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BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY. Enclose this "AD." or Mention Paper when Answering.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

A SUBJECT OF INTEREST

at the [illegible] luncheon or dinner. When you wish to find finest vintages in burgundies, clarets or champagnes, you will be delighted with what you find at

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors,

Smethport. Pennsylvania.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.

State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.

Auditor General—Robert K. Young.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.

State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.

Members of Assembly—H. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. B. Benson, Mt. Jewett.

Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.

Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.

Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.

County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.

Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.

Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.

Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.

Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. M. Anders, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.

Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.

Council—E. C. Heath, President; F. M. Blaver, Secretary; J. W. Watts, M. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.

Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.

Constable—U. H. Foote.

School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.

Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Assessor—G. M. Hyde.

Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. S. Rublo

Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

EDGAR F. STRONG, W. M.

[illegible] SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible] meets Friday evenings at [illegible] o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work [illegible] degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible] meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.

J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M. Bronze Hive, No. [illegible], meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.

BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

[illegible] C. Smethport Branch, No. [illegible] meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

ELIZABETH [illegible]TLE, Pres.

NANNIE [illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible] Chapter No. 15, O. E. S., meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.

MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in [illegible] Hall.

JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.

L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McClaverty, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. [illegible], pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. [illegible], pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. Y. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fodders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

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Hamlin Bank & Trust Co
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McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
Cut Flowers
and
Potted Plants
At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 27, 1911.

Local and General.

—Spring at last.

—Forepaugh's circus will exhibit in Kane on May 16.

—Read the new advertisement of Anderson & Carlson.

—Fry & Comes have a new advertisement in this issue.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett advertises Henderson corsets in this issue.

—The Smethport Rubber Co. has a new advertisement this week.

—"Pittsburgh Perfect" wire fencing is advertised by Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—H. W. Rubin advertises a reduction in shirts in this issue which should interest careful buyers.

—Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum, to-morrow (Friday) evening, April 28.

—Lloyd Downey has broken ground for a residence on East Main street between the residences of John Eberspacher and W. H. Knight.

—It is rumored in Warren that another arrest will be made shortly in the Amann murder case, and the man under suspicion is as prominent as the one now under arrest.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Colegrove at their home in Canandaigua, N. Y., on Wednesday, April 14, 1911, a girl. Their many friends and relatives here extend congratulations.

—The Port Allegany Argus is making a fight for a nine months' school year in that place. Nearly all the large towns have a nine months' school year and that borough ought to get in line.

—Every fellow has his faults. Sir Walter Scott's testimony as to his friend Tom Purdie's sterling character was in these words: "You could trust Tom with untold gold, but not unmeasured whiskey."

—The residence of W. H. Hungerford at the corner of King and Fulton streets is undergoing extensive repairs. A new porch is being put on the front of the house and other repairs are being made.

—There will be an eclipse of the sun this week, on Friday. It will be total out in the Pacific ocean, but in this section only a portion of the moon will show on the rim of the sun, between 11 a. m. and noon.

—Two cases in the court of common pleas in which A. O. Downey and H. J. Corell were awarded damages for changing the sidewalk grade in front of their premises in Mt. Jewett will be carried to the Supreme court by that borough.

—The St. Marys Press of last Thursday says: We are informed that one of our young ladies who was married but a few months ago, left her husband and went away with a man of our town who has a wife and three children. The pair have not yet been apprehended. They will be arrested if they can be located.

—A handsome Quincy granite monument has just been placed on the lot of A. E. Hackett in Rose Hill cemetery, to the memory of Cecil Hackett. The work was furnished by Foley Bros. Co., Olean monument builders. This firm placed memorial work in the cemetery lots of Mrs. Nora Johnson, Mrs. C. Baker, Mrs. N. McDay, J. H. Waite and John Gossart.

—The Era says that residents of Bradford are wondering what a young man of that city has done with $8,000 he stole from his employers during the years he was employed by them. He did not drink, gamble or indulge in society. When charged with his defalcation, the culprit dropped to his knees, pleaded for mercy and declared he would kill himself if exposed.

—Beware of the sausage that when it is hot in the pan and you prick it with a fork, squirts a jet to the ceiling and acts like a bursted fire hose. That squirt is water, and as water don't mix readily with grease, the manufacturers add sufficient cereal or vegetable flour to retain the water. The reason for this is to increase the weight. By a recent act of the legislature the manufacture of sausage is forbidden under penalty.

—The 3rd division of the Travelers' Club wish to publicly thank each and every one, not members of their division, but especially those not members of the club, for their able assistance in making "A Day at Atlantic City," the various "hits" on the "Board Walk," Col. Gillett's Jr. Minstrels," and all musical specialties such a decided success at the Lyceum on April 18th, from which the neat sum of $102.07 was added to the club house fund.

—On Saturday morning last the 7-year-old son of Bert Sheldon of Galeton was attempting to cross a footbridge over Pine creek at a point near the car shops, and just above the tannery dam. The bridge which was put in by the employes of the shop as a short cut to and from their work consisted of old car sills about 10 inches wide. When near the center of the bridge young Sheldon lost his balance and fell into the water, which at that point is very swift and was immediately swept from view. A large crowd of villagers quickly gathered and every effort has been made to recover the body, but up to Tuesday without avail.—Potter Democrat.

—It is likely that the old methods of using lamps for heat in incubators will be relegated and that chickens of the future will be hatched by electricity where the current can be had. A poultry expert of Towanda conceived the idea of substituting the electric bulb for the uncertain kerosene lamp, which causes so many disasters because of the risk of its starting a fire, overheating or going out. Taking a common incubator, he simply wired it and used electric bulbs instead for heating, and the result was very satisfactory. All of the eggs but one hatched out. The temperature was kept even night and day without any attention on his part, and the chicks are as lively and as chipper as any ever hatched.

—According to a statement just issued by Postmaster General Hitchcock, the postal savings banks are more than meeting the expectations of the government officials, says the DuBois Courier. On March 31st, there was a total of deposits in the 48 banks of $201,961. On February 28, there was a total of $133,869. This showed a substantial growth in gross receipts, while during the same period the number of individual depositors increased from 3,844 to 4,307. The average balance on the part of depositors increased from $36.54 to $46.89. The DuBois postoffice, the only savings bank in Pennsylvania, stands eighth in the number of deposits. The western postal savings banks lead the east greatly in both number of depositors and in the aggregate sums. Another postal savings bank will be opened in the near future at Berwick, Pa.

—The Reporter regrets to announce that business conditions were such with L. J. Reznor that on Friday last he made an assignment for the benefit of creditors, naming John Weinman as assignee. This week the well-stocked store on Main street has been closed pending an appraisal, by an appointee from Bradford and James A. Smith. Mr. Reznor expects that the matters will be so arranged that he will re-open the store either permanently or to close out the stock. At this time there are several customers for the business but the stock is a large and costly one and some of the creditors think more could be realized by opening the store. The whole situation is a very unfortunate one. Mr. Reznor has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in this embarrassment, which is hoped is only temporary at the worst.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—There arrived in Mt. Jewett on Thursday from the State Fish Hatchery at Corry, Pa., 25 large cans containing small trout for distribution among the streams of this locality. There fish will be placed in the headwaters of our mountain streams, and by the time they have grown to a size at which they may be caught, they will of necessity, have worked their way down stream to points where the refuse from tanneries, chemical works and other institutions, pollute the streams to a degree where the fish are either killed or become so contaminated with the refuse that they are not fit for food. This expending the money of the people for the maintenance of hatcheries, and the hatching of fish, not to be caught by the people who pay the bills; but to be killed by those who pollute the streams, is just plain fool or worse—criminal.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—That electrolysis is doing great damage to the lines of the gas companies and the water mains in Bradford, is the opinion of those who are in a position to know and who are familiar with the tests that are being made. Charles T. Sloan, Jr., of Buffalo, an electrical expert, who is in that city making tests for the Commercial Gas company, has so far tested the gas mains on East Main street, and there finds a serious condition of affairs. The mains are well charged with electricity and it may be necessary for the gas company to take out the pipes and fit them with the Dresser insulated couplings by which, the expert thinks the current would break at each joint of pipe. That this would be a difficult and expensive undertaking is realized fully by the expert and the gas company. This same trouble is now occupying the attention of the officials of Buffalo gas companies.

The Stetson's Big Double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Co. which appears at the Smethport Lyceum, Friday, April 28, is making a grand spectacular scenic production of this grand play this season. The scenery has been painted especially for this revival and included a number of handsome scenes reproduced from photographs of the localities mentioned in the book, as they were at the time when the great authoress first wrote the story, more than fifty years ago. Some of the most notable of these are the "Suwanee River" by moonlight, the cotton fields in full bloom, the Ohio river in winter and the escape of Eliza carrying her child across the floating ice, the rocky pass in which George Harris made his stand against the men pursuing him, and protects his family; the St. Clair plantation and the levee at New Orleans, showing a slave auction, Legree's plantation, and, lastly, the beautiful transformation scene showing Eva's ascension to the Celestial City. The play has long since been public property and has been played by very poor companies until the public has come to recognize the fact that none but Manager Washburn has the one great unequalled organization, and that is why his production always brings the theatre-going crowd. The Stetson production is judicially considered an era in the history of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great novel.

Political Delicacy.

"I can't support you. Don't you know the office should seek the man?"

"Of course I do. But I'd like to give the office a hunch as to where I am." —Philadelphia Ledger.

His Musical Ear.

She sang in her flat,
The cheerful young thing,
But I wouldn't mind that
If she'd just sing in her flat,
The cheerful young thing,
And not flat in her sing.
—Browning's Magazine.

Suspicious.

We don't believe in being oversuspicious, but we don't see how any man can open a soft boiled egg with any confidence nowadays.—Detroit Free Press.

HIS GIRL FRIENDS.

Mark Twain Dearly Loved Children as Playmates.

THE ANGEL FISH SOCIETY.

A Delightful and Touching Story About Little Margaret, One of Its Members, and the Genial Humorist—A Pretty Compact and a Quaint Letter.

Like many another great man, Mark Twain was fond of children. He never outgrew childhood, and he always chose young playmates where they were to be found. He formed curious societies of these girl friends. Back in the nineties, when he was living in Europe, he created a club which was to consist of one (only one) girl in each country of the globe, the duty of said member being to write occasionally to the chief officer, who faithfully replied to these random and far faring messages. Of course these little girls were swept into womanhood presently, but even to the last years of his life the member who signed herself "France" remained faithful to the law.

Another club of girls, little girls, became one of the chief interests during his final years. It had its beginning in Bermuda during one of his frequent visits to those happy islands. It was called the Angel Fish club, after a gorgeous swimmer of those waters, and he gave to each member an angel fish pin as a society badge. It was a successful club, and on his return to America he elected other members, enough to make twelve in all.

His home at Redding, Conn., Stormfield, had been originally named Innocence at Home, and as Angel Fish headquarters Innocence at Home it always remained. Members with their parents visited him there, and the billiard room, where the "fishes" were likely to spend most of their time knocking the balls about, under the chief member's instruction, was called the Aquarium, and gay prints of many Bermuda fishes were hung along the walls to carry out the idea. Each member had the privilege of selecting one of these as her patron fish and of identifying it with her name.

It was in Bermuda one day, when he was walking along the beach with one of his angel fish members that he picked up a small iridescent double shell, delicately hinged together. He separated it and handed his companion half.

"You will be going away from me pretty soon, Margaret," he said, "and growing up, and I won't know you any more. I shall see a great many Margarets, and now and then one of them will say she is my Margaret, but I will say, 'No; you resemble my Margaret, but you are bigger than my Margaret, and I can't be sure.' Then I will take out this shell and I will say, 'If you are really my Margaret you will have the other half of this shell, and it will fit exactly.' Then if she has the shell and it fits I shall know that it is really my Margaret, no matter how many years have gone by or how much older she has grown."

All this he said very gravely and earnestly, and the little girl took the shell thoughtfully and promised to keep it always. Next morning when she came running up to meet him on the hotel veranda he looked at her questioningly.

"You look like Margaret," he said, "but I can't be sure. If you are really my Margaret you will have a shell I gave her once—the mate to this one"—

He got no further. The talisman was promptly produced, and it fitted exactly. He returned to America, and somewhat later Margaret received a letter—one of the pretty letters he was always writing to children. In it he said:

> I am always making mistakes. When I was in New York six weeks ago I was on a corner of Fifth avenue and saw a small girl—not a big one—start across from the opposite corner, and I exclaimed to myself joyfully, "That is certainly my Margaret," so I rushed to meet her. But as she came nearer I began to doubt and said to myself, "It's a Margaret, that is plain enough, but I'm half afraid it is somebody else's." So when I passed her I held my shell so she couldn't help but see it. Dear, she only glanced at it and passed on. I wondered if she could have overlooked it. It seemed best to find out, so I turned and followed and caught up with her and said, deferentially, "Dear miss, I already know your first name by the look of you, but would you mind telling me your other one?" She was vexed and said, pretty sharply: "It's Douglas, if you're so anxious to know. I know your name by your books, and I'd advise you to shut yourself up with pen and ink and write some more rubbish. I am surprised that they allow you to run at large. You are likely to get run over by a baby carriage any time. Run along now and don't let the cows bite you."
>
> What an idea! There aren't any cows on Fifth avenue. But I didn't smile. I didn't let on to perceive how uncultured she was. She was from the country, of course, and didn't know what a comical blunder she was making.

Margaret, with her mother, called when they returned to America. When the cards were brought to him he looked at hers and said:

"Well, the young lady, her name seems familiar, but I can't be sure it's my Margaret without a certain token which she is supposed to carry as a proof." The shell came up without delay. He took the two halves now to a jeweler and had them set in gold as charms. One of these Margaret wore on a ribbon about her neck, and the other he linked to his watch chain, where it remained till he died. What a sweet fancy it all was!

He spent the last months of his life in Bermuda in the home of one of his angel fish, Helen Allen, daughter of the American vice consul there. She was his daily companion, and it will be her lifelong happy memory that she brightened and comforted his final days.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Ladies' World.

HOMES IN ATHENS

As a Rule They Are Clean, but Bare and Comfortless.

PEOPLE LIVE IN THE CAFES.

When They Do Get Into Their Houses Their Principal Occupation Is Looking Out of the Windows—The Marriage Customs of Greece.

Home life in Greece, particularly in Athens, is peculiar. It might almost be said that there is no such thing. In Mr. Duckett Ferriman's book on "Greece and the Greeks" the manners and customs of the picturesque Hellenes, which are little known to the average English reader, are described at length. Mr. Ferriman states that the Greeks do not know anything about the art of making a home.

"One may meet with exquisite cleanliness," he writes, "with beautifully embroidered bed linen scented with rosemary, but never with what we mean by coziness. The Greeks are far less in their houses than we are, and when they are at home they appear to spend most of their time in looking out of the window. They are not given to inviting their friends to their houses. It is not that they are niggardly, for they will gladly entertain you at a restaurant at far greater cost to themselves. But it does not enter into their ideas to ask you home to dinner, even after an acquaintance of many years.

"They do not ask each other, so it can hardly be expected that they should make an exception in the case of foreigners. The cafe is a second home to them. There they meet friends and gossip. That is one reason perhaps why they dislike country life.

"It offers no alternative to the home; there the hearth is the social center, while in town it is the cafe. In Athens those who do not own the house they dwell in seldom remain long in the same abode. Two or three years is quite a long tenure. Many people make a point of moving every year.

"The imposing facades of Athenian houses conceal, for the most part, a bare and comfortless interior, and a well kept garden is rare. A garden is not made in a year, and a person who changes his residence every twelve months does not want to be troubled with much furniture, nor is he particular as to its arrangement, seeing that it will be carted away in a few months.

"Home life has no resources for the Greeks, as it has for us. It affords them little occupation and no amusement. They like to eat and drink in crowds, where there is noise and movement. Their instincts are too gregarious to allow them to appreciate the domestic intimacy which we prize.

"The day chosen for marriage in Greece is usually Sunday, but the day of all days in the year is the Sunday preceding the Christmas feast. It is not fashionable now to be married in church. In Athens the ceremony takes place in the house of the bride's parents. A temporary altar is set up in the middle of the room.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony the priest and the couple join hands and walk three times round the altar, the guests pelting them with comfits. The most important part of the ceremony is the crowning of the bride and bridegroom with wreaths of orange blossom; hence a wedding is popularly called 'the crowning.'

"Love marriages are rare exceptions. The match is made by the parents and relatives rather than by the parties principally concerned. There are certain established usages which, though not legally binding, are not to be contravened with impunity.

"Then it is considered wrong for brothers to marry until their sisters have been wed. Again, girls must marry in order of seniority. It would not be right for a girl to be married while she had an elder sister who remained single. The men of a family are thus naturally anxious to see their sisters settled, and as a dowry is indispensable its provision is often a matter of serious anxiety and the fruit of great self denial on the part of the brothers if the parents are dead.

"There are cases in which brothers have remained unmarried for years, and have devoted all their hard earned savings to the dowries of their sisters. Among the poorer classes emigration is resorted to, not infrequently solely with this object, and many a dowry comes to a Greek maiden from across the Atlantic."

What Was Lacking

The Hobo—Please, mum, I'm a sick man. De doctor give me dis medicine, but I needs assistance in takin' it. The Lady—Poor fellow! Do you want a spoon and a glass of water? The Hobo—No, mum; I wouldn't trouble yer. But dis medicine has to be took before meals. Have yer got a meal handy?—Cleveland Leader.

Fame.

Fame is easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time and do the right thing in the right way and then advertise it properly.—Puck

Ennui.

Tommy—Pop, what is ennui? Tommy's Pop—Ennui, my son, is a disease that attacks the people who are so lazy that they get tired of resting.—Philadelphia Record

Death expecteth thee everywhere: be wise, therefore, and expect death everywhere.—Quarles.

Aviation.

An aeroplane engine in which it is possible to regulate the speed has been invented in England.

A Liverpool engineer has succeeded in guiding a model dirigible through the air and in dropping objects from it upon places designated by wireless waves.

A new airship with which the Russian army will experiment consists of three balloons, each with its own motor and goudola and capable of acting together or separately.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

And the Tiny Cells That Give Them Their Brilliant Hues.

A leaf is one of the most beautiful things in nature, and it is very wonderful to think that it owes its lovely color to minute little living bodies or cells of chlorophyll. This word comes from two Greek ones, chloros, green, and phullon, a leaf, and is used to describe the ordinary coloring matter of vegetation.

The chlorophyll cells or granules absorb the light and heat of the sun's rays and in some marvelous way, which only scientists can understand, manufacture the sugar which is necessary for the life of the tree itself by combining the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere with the water drawn in by its roots. These tiny cells are so very small that as many as 400,000 have been counted in a square millimeter of the leaf of a castor oil plant, and in order that they may come in contact with as much sunlight as possible the leaf turns slightly on its stalk toward the sun.

If you notice the arrangement of the leaves on a bough you will see that nature has placed them so that they form an almost perfect "light screen" and catch all the sunshine that there is. If it were not for the constant work of these little chlorophyll cells the splendid trees in our forests would wither and die and there would be no green things left in the world.—London Home Notes.

The Secretary Bird.

The long legged South African secretary birds travel in pairs, male and female. If disturbed or pursued their pace is about as fast as that of a running horse. They seldom use their wings and if compelled to do so can soar to a considerable height. They build bulky nests, and where trees are to be had they select one fifty to a hundred feet above the ground. Their nests are built of sticks and sods, lined with grass, and measure as much as five feet in diameter and three feet in thickness. As a rule only two eggs are laid. Incubation takes six weeks, which is done by the female. The young have to remain in their nests several months before they can stand on their long, slender legs, which are very weak and brittle. The young easily break their legs if disturbed.—Scientific American.

IF ITS NEW
and NICE and
GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

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TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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McKean County Miner

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 27, 1911.

In an editorial last week the Port Allegany Reporter favors the election of Prof. Chas. W. Lillibridge to the county superintendency of schools because he is a Port Allegany product and opposes the re-election of Burdette S. Bayle on the ground that the condition of efficiency of the schools has gone back instead of ahead under the superintendency of Mr. Bayle. The Miner is of the opinion that Mr. Bayle is as efficient a superintendent as the county has had in a good many years despite the claims of his opponents. However, the school directors should be the best judges in this matter and they will render a verdict next Tuesday.

The Eldred Eagle still dodges its promise to publish "all the facts" in the Bayle controversy by putting off the date for this publication for another week. The Eagle has claimed to have had these facts in its possession for some time and the delay in publishing them until the last week of the campaign shows a weakness that does not speak well for Editor McFall's side of the argument. If these facts are of the kind that will bear thorough investigation they would have done his side much more good had they been given to the public as early as possible instead of waiting until four days before the election of the county superintendent to publish them. If he does deliver the goods in his next issue. The school directors of this county are not the kind of men who will take seriously facts (?) that have been so long held in cold storage. Editor McFall's "last card" will be a boomerang in his camp. If he publishes the bare facts they can do no harm to Mr. Bayle and if he distorts facts as he has in the past they will rebound and hit a hard blow to the Eagle's favorite.

Twenty thousand men are in camp within touch of the Mexican border. This army is receiving most excellent training. It is ready for instant use. Fortunate it is, for the United States, that its commander-in-chief is William Howard Taft, President of the United States, and not Theodore Roosevelt. Taft is careful and conservative. Roosevelt is restless and always spoiling for a fight.

The army has been mobilized, not to invade Mexico under the slightest provocation, but to be prepared for any emergency. Mexico presents a serious condition. They are hot headed people down there. No one can tell what a day will bring forth. Therefore it would have been folly for the United States Government to sit idly by and trust to luck. It is to be hoped that Mexico can be left entirely alone to work out her own salvation, but with war so near us and with possibilities of border raids, of insults and injuries to American citizens, President Taft would have been in grievious error and open to all sorts of criticism had he not foreseen possible contingencies where force on our part might have to be used and had he not taken steps accordingly.

But there is no thought on the part of the President of intervening or interfering unless Mexico shall herself deliberately drive us to extremes. She has not yet driven us to forcible action. She has given us the opportunity had the administration desired to take a hand in the fighting. It is easily imaginable that under Roosevelt our troops would have crossed the border and interfered when bullets were flying over the American town of Douglas. But Taft is not belligerent. He is very patient with Mexico and because he is he is receiving the confidence of the whole country.

We do not wish to become involved with Mexico in any way and we will not by any acts of the Republican administration at Washington.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Charged with murder in connection with the explosion that wrecked the building of the Los Angeles Times on October 1, 1910, causing the death of 21 persons, J. J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, J. W. McNamara and O. E. McManigal, were arrested Saturday in the headquarters of the organization in Indianapolis, Ind.

William J. Burns, long connected with the secret service of the United States Treasury, but now independent, is one of the greatest detectives that this country or the world has ever known. He has successfully worked up, in the course of his career, some of the most important and intricate of cases. When the destruction of the Los Angeles Times building had aroused the horror of every law-abiding citizen, and there was a loud cry for justice to be done, it was but natural that he should be brought into the uncovering of the crime. At length the entire Nation is stirred by the news that he has made arrests, has a confession in his possession and has found stores of dynamite apparently intended for criminal purposes.

Of course, no one believed that the Los Angeles explosion was accidental. Dastardly work had been done, and it was at once apparent that more than one man was connected with it. Other explosions followed. When the detectives had made the discovery that in several instances the methods were similar; that the time clocks had been prepared by the same hand, there was conclusive evidence that a band of conspirators was back of the destruction of lives and property. A master mind was commanded.

It seems almost incredible that American citizens should unite to murder and destroy. Much rather would we all believe that a mistake has been made, that the prisoners may be able to prove their innocence. Details have been given. Stories have been told. But for the precise facts we must await the trial. There can be no danger that justice will not be had. It will do no good for private citizens who can know nothing personally of the case to denounce violently or defend either the prisoners or the detectives. Every true American citizen will insist that every possible fact shall be made public. These men are either innocent or guilty. If the former they cannot be convicted. If the latter, they should be abhorred by every right-minded man and given the extreme penalty that the law provides. What is more, the organization of which one of the accused is secretary should be the foremost in purging itself of even a suspicion of sympathy with violence by demanding that the whole matter shall be sifted to the bottom.

POTATO GROWING CONTEST FOR SCHOOL BOYS.

There is no occupation which is more interesting and, everything considered, more profitable, than farming. As an incentive to the boys of this county to increase their knowledge and interest along this line we have decided to inaugurate a potato contest for the season of 1911. The following rules will be observed:

1. Any boy who attended a school in the county one hundred days or more during the term of 1910-11 may enter the contest.

2. The potatoes shall be grown on a plot containing 20 square rods or one-eighth of an acre.

3. Each contestant must select his own seed, and do his own planting, fertilizing and cultivating. (The ground may be plowed by another.)

4. Each contestant must keep a complete record of seed used, its treatment, preparation of ground, kind and construction of soil, time and manner of cultivating, spraying, etc.

5. Each boy who wishes to be considered a contestant must send his name to the undersigned on or before July 1. District judges will be appointed for each township and borough, who will visit the various plots at the time of digging and measure the ground and the yield.

6. A handsome diploma shall be given to the boy in each township and borough who is adjudged the winner on the following basis: The yield shall count 60 per cent., a sample peck shall count 30 per cent. and the written report shall count 10 per cent.

7. The sample packs of potatoes and written reports shall be retained by the judges and presented at the McKean County Fair together with the report of the yields, where they will be placed in the Juvenile Department and judged on the same basis.

8. To the boy receiving the highest number of points we will give a special prize of $5.00; to the boy receiving the next highest, $3.00; and to the boy receiving the third highest, $2.00.

Note: Valuable bulletins may be obtained from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and from many of the State Departments.

Teachers will please call the attention of the boys to this contest.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,
Co. Supt. of Schools.

HOW LATE CAN WE SPRAY WITH LIME-SULFUR SOLUTION FOR SCALE.

A successful commercial sprayer in Blair county, Pa., who has for some years been acting upon the advice of State Zoologist H. A. Surface, and making a business of spraying trees, just as owners of threshing machines make a business of threshing grain, has just written to Professor Surface asking "how near may the buds be out until there is danger of scalding by the lime-sulfur solution?"

The reply, which is important and practical, is based upon experience, and may prove useful to many readers:

"I know from observation and experience that you can safely use it until the pink of the blossoms is seen, or, in other words, until the blossoms are ready to expand.

"This is true not only of apple, but also of peach. Last year I sprayed my peach trees after one-fourth of the blossoms were open, and while I am not sure that these opening blossoms were uninjured, I do know that there was such a heavy crop of fruit on the trees that I had to hire help to do considerable thinning by hand, and keep the trees from overbearing. I am thus satisfied that no injury came from the application, in which I used the strong lime-sulfur solution, made to the hydrometer test of 1.03, which is the strength now generally recommended for scale. Spraying with this material, even when in bloom, will not injure bees because it contains no arsenical poison, and the bees will not take up the lime-sulfur liquid.

"Doctor Funk sprayed his apple trees when the round pink balls of the unopened blossoms were plainly visible. This was after the leaves were out. He destroyed the scale, and did not injure his trees nor his fruit crop. This I saw, and consequently know that I am safe in giving this answer to your very important question. Hundreds of persons this spring will make this same inquiry, and I shall consequently publish this reply, as soon as possible, in order to aid others who are needing the same kind of help."

Lawyer—After all, what is an insane man?

Alienist—One who has committed a crime and can't prove an alibi.—Toledo Blade.

Street railway men are mighty mean—a cruel, brutal bunch,
Why, when a new conductor comes they give the man a punch.
—Galveston News.

There is a monotony in the naming of love songs. Why not novel titles such as these?

"I Love You."
"I Love You, Dear."
"I Love you Dearly."
"I Love You, Dearie."
"Dearie, I Love You."
"Dearie, I Love You Dearly."
"I Love but You."
"I Love You, But"—
"I Love You So."
"Because I Love You So."
"Love Me, For I Love You."
"Love Me and I Own the Earth."
"I Shall Love You Till the Sea Dries Up."

The foregoing list is tossed to the busy composers to use without royalty to us.—Collier's.

There was a young fellow named Jim,
Who was teaching a maiden to swim.
"Kick your leg out!" he cried,
But the maiden replied,
"I presume you refer to my limb."
—Detroit Free Press.

"Lend you 25 louis? A pretty idea! And suppose you were to die tomorrow?"

"Sir, you insult me! I may be poor, but at least I am honest."—Rire.

Our Mary had a new fall gown,
But she was not expert.
And often in it she fell down—
It had a hobble skirt.

But M[illegible] said 'tw[illegible] up to date,
It [illegible]
And, though 'twas hard to navigate,
She said she [illegible]
—Boston Herald.

Friend—When d'you expect Mr. Rich to recover?

Doctor—I don't know. He's the only patient I have at the present time.—Brooklyn Life.

Blessings on you, little girl,
Barefoot maid in gauzy whirl,
Is a string of coral beads
Quite sufficient for your needs?
—Kansas City Journal.

Glucksburg (mysteriously)—My wife vants to see "Tannhauser," and I vant to see "Lohengrin." Is dere any chance of dem singing togedder some efening?—Tatler.

The average man proposes once;
The average woman takes him.
If he won't propose—Lord only knows
Just how 'tis done!—she makes him.
—Puck.

"And why, Tommy, do you suppose Diogenes was so anxious to find an honest man?"

"Pa says he probably wanted to sell him a gold brick."—Houston Post.

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS——
OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52 54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

Beezlumbots Bad as Dialect.

Southern people have much to bear. The articles in the magazines, for example, in which northern contributors try to put out negro dialect! It is enough to give one the beezlumbots.—Galveston News.

Notice of Hearing Before Auditor.

In the matter of the Estate of C. D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., deceased:

In the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

No. 19, February Term, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that J. Sheridan Gorton, appointed by the above Court, as an Auditor to make final distribution of the balance for distribution, as shown by the final account of Walter Newton, executor of C. D. Seaman, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto; which account is on file in said Court, will attend to the duties of my said appointment, at my office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, May 23rd, 1911, commencing at ten o'clock A. M., when and where all persons interested may appear and be heard, or be forever barred from participating in said distribution.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Apr.27-3t Auditor.
Smethport, Pa., April 24th, 1911.

Notice of Hearing Before Auditor.

In the matter of the estate of Mary E. Richmond, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

No. 22, February Term, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed AUDITOR by the above named court to make distribution among the parties entitled thereto of the balance of the fund and property in the hands of D. C. Young, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Richmond, deceased, as shown by the final account of said executor on file in said court, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on May 18th, 1911, at 10:00 o'clock A. M. when and where all persons interested may appear and be heard or be forever barred from participating in said distribution.

THOS. H. MORRISON,
Apr.27-3t Auditor.

LEON W. WASHBURN
OFFERS
STETSON'S
Big, Spectacular Production
Uncle Tom's
Cabin

With all the added features that has made this company famous

2 BRASS BANDS 2
White and Colored
Funny Topseys
Eccentric Marks

Great Transformation Scenes
and Mechanical Effects

Jubilee Singers, Cake Walkers, Buck Dancers, Blood Hounds, Cotton Picking Scenes, Floats and Tableaux drawn by small Shetland Ponies.

Watch for Street Parde, the 'Barnum of them all'

39c Friday and Saturday 39c

Friday and Saturday

50c SHIRTS
and
50c Golf Caps
Friday and Saturday
for
39c
All Sizes
H. W. Rubin
Smethport, Pa.

Friday and Saturday

39c Faiday and Saturday 39c

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of
SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS

From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

BAKER & GELDER
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
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NO SMOKE, NO ODOR

The quality of Lamp Oil you use counts immensely for or against your comfort and health. There's a *perfect* oil made for people who give *thought*. It is

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in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes
are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

YOUR SPRING ATTIRE

is ready for you—Suits, Millinery and Coats.

Our display comprises the newest without the extreme. Every garment has been chosen with the idea of giving you the best; style, quality, material and workmanship.

We ask you to inspect our millinery department for your Spring headwear. Styles that are up to the minute and sure to please you.

Waists

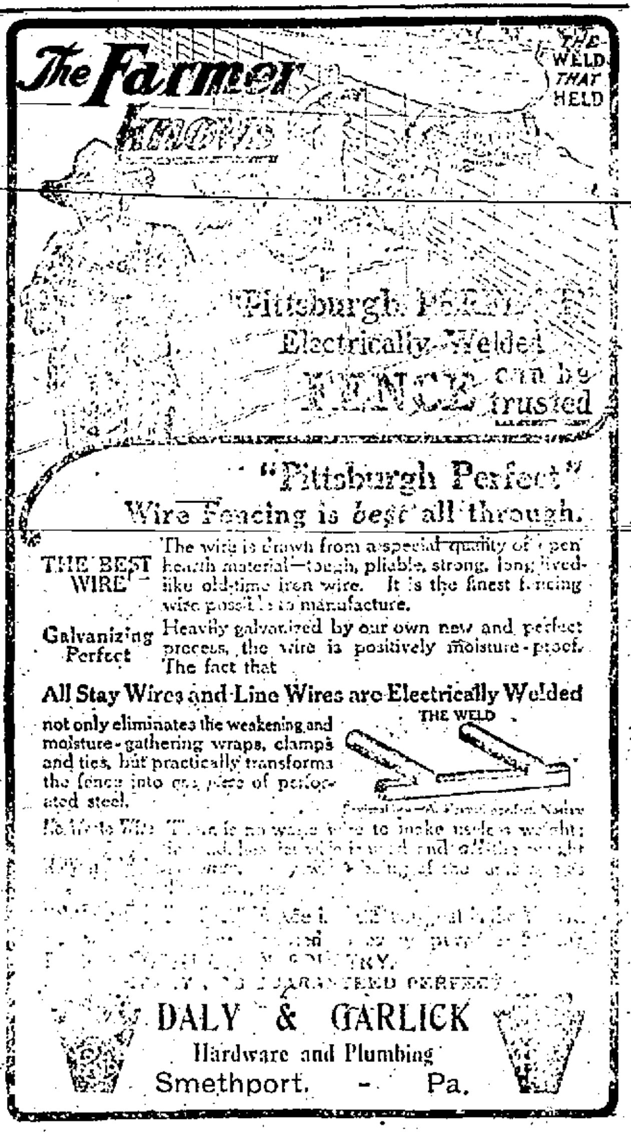
The faultless "Waldorf" line of waists and dresses are here for your approval.

Shoes that please

The "Clarice" in styles and leathers to please all. Get them now and be prepared. Every pair well give you satisfaction.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



The Farmer Knows
THE WELD THAT HELD
"Pittsburgh Perfect" Electrically-Welded FENCE can be trusted

"Pittsburgh Perfect" Wire Fencing is best all through.

THE BEST WIRE — The wire is drawn from a special quality of open hearth material—tough, pliable, strong, long-lived—like old-time iron wire. It is the finest fencing wire possible to manufacture.

Galvanizing Perfect — Heavily galvanized by our own new and perfect process, the wire is positively moisture-proof. The fact that

All Stay Wires and Line Wires are Electrically Welded

not only eliminates the weakening and moisture-gathering wraps, clamps and ties, but practically transforms the fence into one piece of perforated steel.

[illegible]

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

Smethport, - Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 27, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Don't fail to see the wolf at the Lyceum, May 8.

—C. M. Colegrove has a two weeks' surveying job at Bells Run, Pa.

—F. R. Foster will soon move into the flat over H. W. Rubin's store.

—H. C. Wells has purchased the carriage horse of Geo. W. Mitchell.

—Ground has been broken for the new garage of the Backus Novelty Company.

—Misses Beulah Holder and Sarah Greer are hostesses at "The Nook" this evening.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Van Sickle of Marvin Creek, April 21, 1911, a 9-pound girl.

—Miss Edna Specht entertained the Sewing Club at her home on Mechanic street last evening.

—H. C. Wells is moving his family from the flat over his drug store to his home on Cemetery street.

—J. W. Lee has rented the flat over Wells' drug store and will take possession in the near future.

—Mrs. E. A. Studholme entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The 4th division of the Travellers' Club will hold a dance and card party at the Lyceum next Thursday evening.

—Attorney V. B. Bouton of this place has been elected solicitor for the newly organized borough of Lewis Run, Pa.

—The country roads are in pretty fair shape where the road drags have been used, but in other places they are rough and more or less full of mud holes.

—Martin Carlson has had an addition built on his home on Bank street, which with other improvements adds much to the appearance of his residence.

—Mrs. Matthew T. Scott of Bloomington, Ill., was elected president general of the D. A. R., at the election held at Washington, D. C., on Thursday of last week.

—The dance given by the Lemon Club at the Lyceum Monday evening was well attended and all enjoyed themselves hugely. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music.

—At the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, Wednesday morning, April 26, 1911, the Rev. J. W. McGavern united in marriage Mr. Albert Brice and Miss Jennie Hall, both of Bradford.

—The morning theme at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday will be "A Sower Went Forth to Sow." The evening subject will be "Becoming a Christian, or How to Believe."

—Announcement has been made of the approaching wedding of Miss Jennie June and Mr. Tom Thumb, at the Lyceum on Monday, May eighth. Invitations will be issued at a later date.

—Rev. J. E. Hallmertz united in marriage at the Swedish Mission parsonage on Wednesday morning, April 26, 1911, Mrs. Eric Ture Suderback and Miss Hazel Vernice Pease, both of DuBois, Pa.

—The flint bottle plant at St. Marys was entirely destroyed by fire at an early hour Tuesday morning. What caused the fire is not known. The stock and plant was partly covered by insurance.

—Announcement has been made in Olean of the engagement of Miss Josephine Higgins, only daughter of the late Governor Frank Higgins, to M. Hovelaque, of Paris, an inspector of public instruction. The marriage will take place in June at the bride's home.

—Members of the Protected Home Circle are invited to attend a banquet at their lodge rooms Tuesday evening, May 2. Each member may invite one guest. Members are requested to furnish a card with their own and guest's names on, which must be presented at the door.

—According to a dispatch to the Bradford Era, fire at Austin, Pa., Tuesday morning destroyed the fruit store of Blaisdell & Weisert, the general store of E. E. Ballou and the law office and library of F. E. Baldwin, entailing a loss of $20,000.

—Preparations are being made for an entertainment to be given at the Lyceum Monday evening, May 8, by the members of the L. V. Harris bible class and the Epworth League. The leading features will be a Tom Thumb Wedding, May Pole, Red Riding Hood and The Rainbow Kimona.

—James A. Dakin of Chicago, who supported his aged mother in Chattanooga, Tenn., for several years, thinking that she was solely dependent on him for a living, in going through her effects last Friday after her funeral, found $13,000 in cash in an old trunk. She lived in humble circumstances and had never spoken of her hoarded wealth.

—The old office building formerly occupied by the Backus Novelty Co., has been moved onto the Backus lot on the corner of Water and State streets, where it will be used as an office by Hon. R. W. Hilton. The removal of this building was necessary to make room for the new garage of the Backus Novelty Co. A. H. Kidder had the contract for the moving.

Trailing his own records on Daytona Beach, Fla., Bob Burman, on his [illegible] birthday, last Sunday, reached [illegible] when he drove a 200 horse-power Blitzen Benz, a mile in 27:17, making the fifth time in two days' racing that he has broken the mile record. The mile record alone was not alone Burman's prey, but the kilometer was again shattered and the two-mile record of Oldfield of 55.87 wiped to oblivion, Burman's time for the two miles being 51:28 and for the kilometer 15.88 seconds.

Dr. F. A. Beebe and Miss May Fishbelling, proprietor and head nurse of the Milburn private hospital at Corry, Pa., were placed under arrest late last Thursday afternoon, charged with performing a criminal operation on the late Miss Lottie Dugan, the Youngsville girl who was found dead in the hospital Sunday morning of last week, her face and mouth badly seared from carbolic acid, which the hospital authorities alleged she took with suicidal intent. An analysis of her stomach showed that her death was not due to carbolic acid poisoning, as was stated in this paper last week.

—W. E. Scott of Simpson received a letter from his brother, J. L. Scott of Sapulpa, Okla., stating that his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Scott of Ochelata, Okla., were in a cyclone that went through that place the 12th of April. His father was blown 25 yards by the storm and received a bad cut on the head and a broken wrist. The house was all blown away and a few dishes and pieces of silverware were all that was left of their home. Big Heart, 15 miles from there, was all blown away but the school house and bank. Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Scott were residents of Simpson for years and had many friends in this vicinity.

One of the hardest jolts which the water monopolies of the state have received for many a day was handed to them on Monday of last week, when an important decision affecting directly the borough of Catasauqua, but which indirectly delivers the deathblow to all private water company monopolies, and gives municipalities unquestioned right to establish their own water plants without paying tribute to existing private concerns, was given by the Supreme Court in the equity suit of the Clear Spring Water company against the borough of Catasauqua. Under this decision any borough can proceed at any time to erect its own municipal plant, without reference to, or reckoning with, any other plant now existing.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Allen Hatch was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

J. P. Devlin had business in Ridgway Friday last.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Kane is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin is visiting relatives in Geneva, N. Y.

V. B. Bouton was in Lewis Run on business last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cooper were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

John Sherburne of Olean passed Sunday with friends in town.

C. M. Colegrove had business in Ceres and vicinity this week.

Claude A. Lyons was a business visitor in Port Allegany Monday.

John Dolphin of Kane was a business visitors in town Monday.

Foster Studholme was calling on friends in town Monday evening.

George Alcock left for Kane Wednesday to consult Dr. E. O'N. Kane.

E. E. Andrews of Shinglehouse was visiting friends in town on Monday.

W. J. Wilson of Colegrove was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie and children were the guests of relatives in St. Marys from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Leona Hogarth was the guest of Bradford relative a few days last week.

Courtney Haselton of Bradford was in town on business a few days last week.

George McCarthy of Erie, Pa., is visiting relatives and friends in this place.

Mrs. F. H. Hungiville and Mrs. T. H. Purtle were St. Marys visitors yesterday.

H. E. Quinlisk left Monday for Rochester, N. Y., where he has accepted a position.

Miss Elsie Sherer and Miss Bessie Engstrom were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Misses Carrie Day, Rose Allen and Emma Tretton were Bradford visitors Saturday.

R. E. Burdick has returned from Oil City where he was an attendant at the bankers' association.

Walter Wisner of Olean came up Tuesday evening to attend the Lemon Club dance at the Lyceum.

Miss Ruth Holmes left Monday for Poughkeepsie after a two weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Holmes.

Mrs. Rose K. Knapp of Rochester arrived in town Monday where she and Mr. Knapp expect to make their future home.

Prothonotary R. F. Starsky left yesterday morning for a visit to Buffalo.

J. B. McCann was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

[illegible] who have been visiting relatives [illegible] returned to their home in Kane last Saturday.

Rev. J. W. McGavern is attending the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School convention being held in the First Methodist church at Olean.

Mrs. C. M. Chesebro has returned from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. T. F. Williams of Butler, Pa. She was accompanied home by her grandson, [illegible] Williams.

The following were among the St. Marys visitors Wednesday: Mrs. A. A. Abbey, Mrs. John Waite, Mrs. Geo. Hyde, Mrs. Chas. Brown and Miss Evelyn McKendrick.

Miss [illegible] left [illegible] for Fredonia, N. Y., where she is a student at the Normal school of that place, after spending two weeks with her mother, Mrs. Jos. Lilgendahl.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hockenberry and son, Richard, have returned to their home at Shinglehouse, after an extended visit at the home of Mrs. Hockenberry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker.

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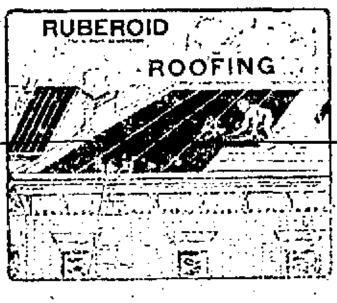

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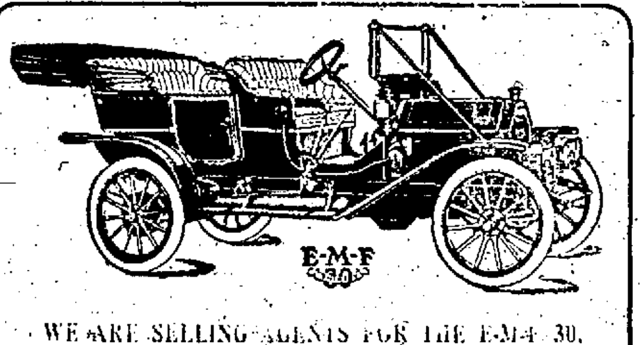

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You get Better Values Here

He Gave Up A Fortune

Because He Couldn't Wait a Few Hours For a Smoke

By JAMES P. WALKER

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Having proposed to Genevieve, daughter of Colonel Mechard of the —th United States infantry and having been referred to her father, I wrote him a note asking when I could see him alone, there being an important matter about which I desired to confer with him. Of course he knew what that matter was. In reply I received an invitation to dine with him at his club—the Army and Navy. We dined in a private room. I purposely waited till the dinner was finished and the colonel had drunk his share of the wine. I was about to open the subject for which we had met when he stopped me by laying his hand on my arm. Then, reaching back of him, he pushed a button. A waiter appeared, and the colonel ordered him to bring one first rate cigar.

Now, Genevieve had posted me on one matter about which I must be very careful. On no account was I to let her father know that I used tobacco in any form. The colonel detested even the word tobacco.

"Thanks, colonel," I said. "I never smoke."

"Oh, you don't?" he replied. Then, turning to the waiter, he repeated the order. The cigar was brought and placed before me. "You either smoke that cigar," said my host, "or the object"—

He paused. I knew what he meant, and, taking the cigar, I cut off the end, lit it and began to smoke.

"Before entering upon any other subject," the colonel continued, "I have a story to tell you. My family knows that there is something about tobacco that excites my ire. If they knew the cause it would make trouble, at least between me and my wife. But I won't tell the yarn wrongside foremost; I'll begin at the beginning.

"When I went to West Point the object of my ambition was not to take high grade in my studies, but to be a cadet officer. I was very careful not to get demerits and kept my equipments well polished. I was made a corporal, which put me in the line of promotion, and I confidently looked forward to being a cadet captain when I became a first class man. Immediately after my promotion I strolled into the room of one of my classmates, where I found several cadets smoking. It was then against the rules of the academy for cadets to smoke. I was offered a cigar. I had never touched tobacco in any form—and, like a fool took one."

The colonel grew red in the face, and there was an irritated look in his eye.

"Well, colonel?" I said, blowing a cloud.

"An inspecting officer walked in and caught us all smoking. My chevrons were stripped from my arm, and I served the rest of my term a private."

"That was too bad," I remarked sympathetically.

"It was nothing compared with what followed. That one whiff of the weed gave me a taste for tobacco that I have [illegible] over."

"[illegible] don't smoke?"

"No, I don't, and if you'll be patient you'll learn the reason."

"Go on, colonel."

"From that time forward," feeling that I might as well be hanged for an old sheep as a lamb, I smoked like a [illegible]. I was caught smoking so often that my demerits came very near preventing my graduation. As it was I was put into the infantry instead of the [illegible], where, when I entered, I hoped to come out.

"The course I laid out for myself was this: I resolved I would not remain in the army, marry and bring up a family of children on my slender pay. [illegible] I resolved to marry a rich girl and make the army a [illegible] profession.

"After [illegible] a good many girls who I supposed had money I met with success with one whom I will call Amelia Jones. She was the only daughter of old Jones, who had made a fortune in a patent of some kind, and his daughter told me that he would settle half a million on her the day she was married, provided he approved of her fiance. Just as soon as I proposed to Amelia and was accepted she told me that when I came to meet her father I must stop smoking till after the wedding. The old man was violently opposed to tobacco"—

"Singular," I interrupted, "that the same thing is repeated in the case of your daughter."

"Not so singular as you suppose when you have heard me out.

"Amelia said that after the promised settlement had been made I could blow a cloud in the old duffer's face if I liked—or words to that effect—for he couldn't take back what he'd given. Since I was to get a nice girl and $25,000 a year with her I thought I could manage to stop smoking during an engagement, especially since I was due to be ordered west in three months and we were to be married before the change came.

"That was the hardest three months to get through in my life. I've served on alkali plains and in a wilderness, but I could smoke and didn't suffer. I had promised my fiance that I would take no risk—indeed, that I would not smoke once till the expiration of the term, or, rather, till 12 o'clock noon on the day we were to be married. At first I was so hungry for a smoke that I kept a few cigars in a bureau drawer where I could smell them, but I found it was like a drunkard smelling liquor. I had to give it up. I kept a record of the days to be passed before the wedding day and scratched off each day as it passed. And when they began to dwindle every day seemed a month—not before the wedding, but before I could smoke.

"At last the day of my emancipation came. I had received my orders to go west, and we were to take a train leaving at 8 p. m. The ceremony was to take place at 5. I bought a thousand of the best cigars I could find to have them ready and to take with me where such cigars were not to be procured. On my wedding day I had my luncheon served in my room, and after I had eaten and drunk I opened a box. The odor was delicious.

"Then the thought came to me that the time of my pledge had expired at 12 o'clock. An uncontrollable desire seized me to smoke just one of those cigars. I took one out of the box, put it back, took it out again, smelled of it and, as ill luck would have it, saw a box of matches within reach. I scratched the match, bit off the end of the cigar, resisted temptation till the match was nearly consumed, then, touching the flame to the cigar, drew in a long breath of delicious smoke.

"I hadn't got the thing fairly going before that old villain Jones opened the door and came into the room."

The colonel grew so red in the face at the memory of this second wrecking of his hopes by tobacco that I feared he would have a stroke of apoplexy. Finally his ire subsided, and he continued:

"The old fool had come to my quarters to ask me to sign a paper connected with the settlement. At the sight of his intended son-in-law puffing clouds of smoke, the odor of which made him sick, he turned and left the room, banging the door behind him.

"For half an hour I acted like a madman. Then, having quieted down a bit, I went over to the house where the Jones family were. I found a commotion. As soon as I was shown into the room where Amelia was and the door was closed behind me she stood looking at me, furious.

"'Fool!' she exclaimed. 'You have spoiled everything.'

"'What's the upshot?' I asked.

"'Father says that we can proceed with the wedding if we like, but there is to be no settlement.'

"'Father is an old dragon, and I'd rather not have a dragon for a father-in-law,' I snapped angrily.

"'And I'd rather have a man for a husband who is not an idiot,' she retorted.

"'An idiot!' I replied. 'West Point doesn't graduate idiots.'

"'Will you oblige me by leaving me?'

"I said something more—I don't remember what, though I do know that it was under the influence of anger of the most painful kind, irritation with oneself. I only succeeded in drawing more bitter retorts from the girl I was to have married, and I finally left her."

The colonel was so worked upon by the reminiscence that I was glad to see him pause again for breath and composure. Finally he went on:

"There was no wedding. The old fool was obdurate, the bride to be was disgusted with my weakness in yielding to temptation, and I was mad as a March hare. I went to my western post alone, but before going I swore a great oath that I would never again yield to the temptation of tobacco. I would drink, gamble, dissipate in any and every form, but never again would I puff the weed.

"I know what you wish to say to me," he continued, "and you have my consent, but you couldn't please me better than by smoking yourself into your grave. As for me, a cigar is an excitant of a kind of madness. Tobacco cost me promotion in the army, and it deprived me of a fortune. I do not mean that I would exchange the woman I love, the mother of my children, for Amelia Jones, but I do mean that I have never recovered having lost a fortune by yielding to temptation.

"Now you understand why I would not for the world stand toward you in the position that old heathen Jones stood toward me. Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke to your heart's content!"

He pushed the button again and ordered another cigar for me. I protested that I never smoked two cigars, the one following close upon the other, but dreaded to oppose him lest he fly into a passion.

My application for his daughter's hand was perfunctory. Indeed it was an anticlimax. I was accepted on the condition that I never should stop smoking.

My father-in-law stood in a very singular position. He loved tobacco, but could not use it without the past coming up in such force as to risk his very life. I kept the secret that he had confided to me, and to this day my wife cannot understand why I am more of a smoker than before she married me, and that, too, without any opposition whatever from her father.

Colonel Mechard's story is an illustration of the trifling incidents that determine one's career. Had it not been for his first episode—the unexpected coming of the inspector at West Point—he would not have been so affected by the second. The two together gave an important direction to his life's surroundings. He was devoted to his family, but somehow never could recover from the shock of having given up half a million dollars for a cigar. I tell him that so long as the fortune was to have been his wife's instead of his own he made a wise choice.

The Great Mr. Ord

He Turns Amateur Detective

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Henry Ord lighted another cigar and waited impatiently for the reappearance of his chief clerk. Every three minutes he consulted his watch and compared it with the electric timepiece on the wall between the windows. He had an important engagement at 11 o'clock, and it was now 10:30. Smithers was getting more stupid every day.

He brought his feet down from the desk with a thump as the secretary returned with a worried expression on his long, pale face. Mr. Ord reached for his hat and held out his hand.

"Give me the securities, Smithers," he said.

"I can't find them, Mr. Ord," said the clerk diffidently. "I thought perhaps you might have them in here."

"Here!" snorted Mr. Ord impatiently. "If I had them in here why did I send you to the vaults after them?"

"I have looked everywhere, sir. They are not in the vaults nor any other place in the office. I will question"—

"No need to question anybody," cut in Mr. Ord, sinking back in his chair and tossing his hat into the ticker basket. "*I gave you those securities* day before yesterday, with instructions to lock them in my private box in the vaults. You returned the key to me then, and I have just handed it to you now. I haven't had occasion to go to the box since Thursday. Now, where are those securities?"

"I don't know, sir," returned Smithers *respectfully.*

"Give me the key to the box. Now come with me and show me where you placed them."

Drawers snapped open, papers rustled, and Mr. Ord's boot heels rapped out on the metal flooring as he went from shelf to shelf, from box to drawer and from drawer to cupboard.

Once more he opened his own private box and ran over the papers contained therein.

"Where the dickens are they?" he demanded savagely when his last efforts proved in vain.

"I really don't know, sir," replied Smithers. "As I said before, I thought it possible that you might have taken them out, and it slipped your mind that you had done so."

"Huh! Perhaps you took them out yourself and it slipped your mind, eh? Ever forget anything, Smithers?"

"Not very often, sir."

Smithers faithfully followed his employer back to the private office and folded his long, thin arms behind his back preparatory to listening to the lecture that he knew Mr. Ord had in store. And this time—well, those L. D. bonds were worth $10,000 today, and it was known that tomorrow they might not be worth the paper they were written on because—but that has nothing to do with this story.

"Please call up Hughes & Carraway, and tell Mr. Hughes I shall be unable to keep that engagement with him. I will talk with him later on the phone. Now, Smithers, this is the third time this has happened—securities have disappeared in this same way during several days until the market interest in them has abated. It's an old gag and won't work again. Now, who do you think is at the bottom of this?"

Smithers fidgeted nervously and looked out of the window at the blank wall of another building. "Really, Mr. Ord, I haven't formed an opinion," he said rather sulkingly.

"Haven't, eh? Well, I have," thundered his employer, fixing the chief clerk with a hard stare.

Smithers jumped nervously. "Indeed, sir!" he said.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Smithers. I'm going to ferret this mystery out before 2 o'clock. See! This office is the worst managed affair in the city of New York, and you are the most inefficient chief clerk I ever employed. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"See that row of books on the shelf?" Mr. Ord pointed his ruler at a narrow shelf laden with cloth bound copies of Conan Doyle's books.

Smithers bowed respectfully.

"Detective stories, every one of 'em. I've read 'em all," said Mr. Ord. "I shall solve the mystery of the disappearance of those securities by the same methods as those employed by that noted detective," went on Mr. Ord, forgetting in his excitement to compare his watch with the timepiece on the wall. His searching glance fell on an advertising blotter that lay on his desk. It had become mixed in his personal mail, and he had not tossed it in the waste paper basket until now. He threw it in and crossed his hands on his plump waistcoat.

"Do you wear plasters, Mr. Smithers?" he asked coolly.

The chief clerk stared at this personal question, fired so abruptly from the lips of the great Mr. Ord—great in the financial district.

"Sometimes," he said guardedly.

"Have you one on now?" snapped Mr. Ord.

"Yes, sir," blushed Smithers.

Mr. Ord smiled with satisfaction. "Mr. Smithers, sir, you have been with me for three years, and up to this time I have never detected you in a grave error. I have trusted you implicitly, and I have always found you faithful and honest. In fact, I have no fault to find save that the office has no system whatever, and I can never find anything when I want it. Got that?"

"Yes, sir," Smithers replied dazedly.

"Now, sir, you admit you are wearing a plaster. How do I know that those securities are not concealed within your plaster, huh?" Mr. Ord looked from his astonished clerk to the red bound volumes of Sherlock Holmes' adventures and patted his chest knowingly. "How do I know, sir?" he repeated.

"Really, I couldn't say, Mr. Ord," began Smithers, and then, as if the real meaning of his employer's insinuation had pierced some sensitive spot, at last he added forcibly, "But I wouldn't do such a thing, you know, Mr. Ord, begging your pardon."

"You wouldn't, eh? How do you know you wouldn't?"

"I couldn't, sir," protested Smithers warmly. "You see the plaster I'm wearing is a bunion plaster, and I couldn't get the securities"—

Mr. Ord raised a fat forefinger. "I didn't ask you for details regarding your personal ailments, Mr. Smithers," he said icily. There was silence for a few moments while his little eyes roamed from his three foot shelf of wisdom to Smithers' now agitated countenance. He pulled the ticker tape toward him and studied the figures as they slipped through his fingers. He had made rather a fool of himself and the L. D. bonds were as far from discovery as ever. Once more he turned to his clerk.

"Did you mention to anybody that those bonds were in the vault?"

"Not a soul knew of their presence there except yourself and me, sir."

"Did you check over all the other securities in my box?"

"Yes, sir, and every other security in the vault," returned Smithers earnestly. "Begging your pardon, Mr. Ord, you might recollect that in every other instance of loss of papers, they were afterward found to have been mislaid either by Mr. Carson or yourself."

"Enough!" said Ord sternly. "I have no such recollection, young man! Now," pointing an accusing finger in the face of his uncomfortable clerk, he continued with measured accents, "those bonds bore a date stamp impressed with purple ink. How did purple ink come to be on your hands and face, Mr. Smithers?" Mr. Ord shot a glance at his bookshelf and then his eyes came back to the face of his clerk.

For the first time Smithers' face wrinkled into a faint smile. "I was assisting Miss Fenn to adjust a new ribbon in her type machine," he said primly. "Before I had time to remove these stains you called me."

"Is it one of the duties of my chief clerk to assist the stenographers with such duties?" thundered Mr. Ord fiercely. "What do I hire office boys for, eh?"

In Mr. Smithers' opinion office boys were hired to loaf around the corridors and discuss baseball topics. He merely cracked another deprecating smile and did not answer the question.

"Huh! I don't approve of courting in the office, Mr. Smithers," remarked Mr. Ord, *his critical eye still on his* employee's pink face. He pressed a button beside his desk, and the door opened promptly, admitting a tall, slender girl whose black hair was twisted in the latest fashion and whose bright brown eyes seemed to take in every detail of the situation in one swift penetrating glance. Her gaze swept her employer's desk and then came to attention at Mr. Ord's curt accents.

"Sit down, Miss Fenn."

She did so, flapping open a notebook and poising her pencil.

"I don't wish to dictate. Have you seen or heard anything of the L. D. bonds since they were put in the vaults day before yesterday?"

Miss Fenn nodded. "Why, yes, Mr. Ord. Don't you remember you sent me to the vault for them this morning after you talked with Mr. Hughes over the telephone? You were reading when I came back, and you used the bonds as a bookmark as you closed the book to resume dictating. Why, there they are!" She picked up a red covered book from under his nose and removed several beautifully engraved certificates from between the pages of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." There was a sickly smile of enlightenment on Mr. Ord's face.

"Thank you, Miss Fenn; you may go now," he said, with an effort. When the door had closed behind her trim figure Mr. Ord recovered his self possession. He picked his hat out of the basket, placed it on his head, compared his watch with the clock, nodded approval at the hour of 12 and drew the telephone receiver across the desk.

"By the way, Smithers," he said genially without turning his head. "I suppose if you're going to get married you'll need a little more money, eh?"

"I really couldn't say that I'd thought about it, Mr. Ord," said the clerk meekly.

"Well, just tell the cashier to add another hundred to your salary. I'll O. K. it. Don't mention it! Hey! Central! Give me [illegible] Livingston. Hello! Hughes & Carraway? Ah, Hughes; about that L. D. Now"—

Smithers closed the door softly behind him and paused in the tiny outer office where Bessie Fenn sat before her machine staring dreamily at a blank sheet of paper on the roller. The young man leaned over until his breath fanned her cheek. "Bessie," he whispered, "he's raised me another hundred. I'm sure I can take care of your mother as well as you. Will you marry me soon?"

Bessie's nimble fingers rapped out three letters and an exclamation point, and then on the fair blank sheet there appeared a word written in purple letters:

"Yes!"

A Deduction.

"Little Willie Withers is the brightest and best behaved boy in the neighborhood."

"Allow me to deduce."

"Go ahead."

"You don't know little Willie, and you've recently been chatting with his mother."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

The Present.

Don't wait, dear friend, don't wait till when
The hand of death shall touch my brow.
'Twill be too late to knock me then.
Do it now!

Don't wait until my five foot ten
Is laid away. Dear friend, oh, how
Can you expect to do me then?
Do me now!

Don't wait till I'm beyond your ken
With angel folk, for you'll allow
You cannot get my nanny then.
Get it now!

—Puck.

High Steppers.

"I see that the women nurses of the ambulance corps of the German army have been forbidden to wear hobble skirts."

"Good. Imagine a lot of hobbled nurses trying to do the 'goose step' as they passed the kaiser!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Serious Mistake In Reno.

It was in Reno that I met her.
Her look was glad, her face was fair.
I think I never shall forget her,
Though bitterly she left me there.

I asked her how her case was going
And when she hoped to get away.
She turned her back upon me, showing
It had not been the thing to say.

I had insulted her, as clearly
She showed me by her angry frown.
She was a pretty tourist merely
Who had stopped off to see the town.

—Detroit Free Press.

In the Future.

Passenger—Any danger on this trip, cap?

Captain—Well, there's a pirate balloon above us and a submarine under us, and we're carrying twenty tons of dynamite. Outside of that there's no cause for nervousness.—Baltimore Star.

Arithmetic to Date.

Now, if you love me just one-half
As much as I love you
Just add your half to my whole love.
'Twill equal love for two.
Quoth she, "At figures I am dull,
And fractions are a bore,
But for your sake I'll cancel all
For love forevermore."
She then from multiplying beaus
Subtracted every thought.
An undivided love she gave
To one who proved but naught.

—Widow.

Getting Serious.

"Flubdub says he is thinking seriously about marriage."

"Why, I thought he was married two or three months ago."

"So he was, but he is just beginning to think seriously about it."—Town Topics.

The Contrary World.

Cannot ride the lightning flash,
Through space with speed a-glancin';
Fiddler always calls for cash
When you feel like dancin'.
Big clouds to dim the sky of blue,
And trouble every minute.
And if an earthquake swallows you
You'll find no gold mine in it.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Force of Habit.

"You know that pretty salesgirl I took home from the dance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"'Will that be all?'"—Judge's Library.

Poor Thing.

The north winds do blow,
And we shall have snow,
What will the airship do then, poor thing?
It will rest in the shed
With a bag on its head
And get ready to fly in the spring, poor thing!

—Boston Herald.

Had Him Guessing.

"Why do you look so worried, Tom?"

"I went around today to ask your father for your hand in marriage."

"Did—did he refuse?"

"No. He wanted me to put it in writing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Didn't Know How to Raise Cain.

No wonder Cain went to the bad
And left no cause to praise him.
No neighbors who had never had
Boys of their own came telling Ad.
And Eve how they should raise him.

—Judge.

A Debt of Art.

"The professor says that music owes a great deal to Rossini," said the young woman. "What's Rossini?"

"That," replied Mr. Cumrox, "is probably Italian for 'rosin.'"—Washington Star.

Many Tons Long.

In measuring the length of winter
Highbrows reckon by the sun,
But the married man in the cellar goes
And measures it by the ton.

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Natural Thought.

Bacon—Why, that fellow works like a bee.

Egbert—Who's he stung now?—Yonkers Statesman.

Evidence.

"I'd like to see your cow," he said. "It must be very rare.
This butter shows it must be one with curly yellow hair."

—Galveston News.

Two of a Kind.

Nodd—I just got a new talking machine.

Todd—Phonograph or wife?

Does He Catch the Worm?

"Bliter says he is waked up every morning at 4."

"What does he keep—a rooster, a baby or a grandpa?"—Life.

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THE BABES IN THE JUNGLE

Smooth Grafter From the West Gets Rapid In New York.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Company.]

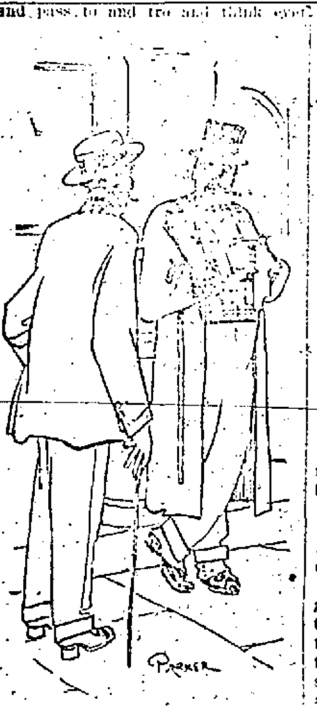
Montague Silver, the finest street man and art grafter in the West, says to me once in Little Rock: "If you ever lose your mind, Billy, and get too old to do honest swindling among grown men go to New York. In the West a sucker is born every minute but in New York they appear in chunks of roe. You can't count 'em."

Two years afterward I found that I couldn't remember the names of the Russian admirals, and I noticed some gray hairs over my left ear. So I knew the time had arrived for me to take Silver's advice.

I struck New York about noon one day and took a walk up Broadway. And I run against Silver himself, all encompassed up in a spacious kind of haberdashery, leaning against a hotel and rubbing the half moons on his nails with a silk handkerchief.

"Paresis or superannuated?" I asks him.

"Hello, Billy," says Silver; "I'm glad to see you. Yes, it seemed to me that the West was accumulating a little too much wiseness. I've been saving New York for dessert. I know it's a low down trick to take things from these people. They only know this and that and pass to and fro and think ever



"HELLO, BILLY," SAYS SILVER.

and anon. I'd hate for my mother to know I was skinning these weak minded ones. She raised me better."

"Is there a crush already in the waiting rooms of the old doctor that does skin grafting?" I asks.

"Well, no," says Silver; "you needn't back Epidermis to win today. I've only been here a month. But I'm ready to begin."

"I've been studying the town," says Silver, "and reading the papers every day, and I know it as well as the cat in the city hall knows an O'Sullivan. People here lie down on the floor and scream and kick when you are the least bit slow about taking money from them. Come up in my room and I'll tell you. We'll work the town together, Billy, for the sake of old times."

Silver takes me up in a hotel. He has a quantity of irrelevant objects lying about.

"There's more ways of getting money from these metropolitan hayseeds," says Silver, "than there is of cooking rice in Charleston, S. C. They'll bite at anything. The brains of most of 'em commute. The wiser they are in intelligence the less perception of cognizance they have. Why, didn't a man the other day sell J. P. Morgan an oil portrait of Rockefeller junior for Andrea del Sarto's celebrated painting of the young St. John!

"You see that bundle of printed stuff in the corner, Billy? That's gold mining stock. I started out one day to sell that, but I quit it in two hours. Why? Got arrested for blocking the street. People fought to buy it. I sold the policeman a block of it on the way to the station house, and then I took it off the market. I don't want people to give me their money.

"Now, there's another little scheme that worked so easy I had to quit it. You see that bottle of blue ink on the table? I tattooed an anchor on the back of my hand and went to a bank and told 'em I was Admiral Dewey's nephew. They offered to cash my draft on him for a thousand, but I didn't know my uncle's first name. It shows, though, what an easy town it is. As for burglars, they won't go in a house now unless there's a hot supper ready and a few college students to wait on 'em."

"Monty," says I when Silver had slacked up, "you may have Manhattan correctly discriminated in your perorative, but I doubt it. I've only been in town two hours, but it don't dawn upon me that it's ours with a cherry in it. There ain't enough rus in urbe about it to suit me. I'd be a good deal much better satisfied if the citizens had a straw or more in their hair and run more to velveteen vests and buckeye watch charms. They don't look easy to me."

"You've got it, Billy," says Silver. "All emigrants have it. New York's bigger than Little Rock or Europe, and it frightens a foreigner. You'll be all right. I tell you I feel like slapping the people here because they don't send me all their money in laundry baskets, with germicide sprinkled over it. I hate to go down on the street to get it. Who wears the diamonds in this town? Why, Winnie, the wire tapper's wife, and Bella, the bunko steerer's bride. New Yorkers can be worked easier than a blue rose on a tidy. The only thing that bothers me is I know I'll break the cigars in my vest pocket when I get my clothes all full of twenties."

"I hope you are right, Monty," says I, "but I wish, all the same, I had been satisfied with a small business in Little Rock. The crop of farmers is never so short out there but what you can get a few of 'em to sign a petition for a new postoffice that you can discount for $200 at the county bank. The people here appear to possess instincts of self preservation and illiberality. I fear me that we are not cultured enough to tackle this game."

"Don't worry," says Silver. "I've got this Jayville-near-Tarrytown correctly estimated as sure as North river is the Hudson and East river ain't a river."

"Hyperbole aside," says I, "do you know of any immediate system of buncoing the community out of a dollar or two except by applying to the Salvation Army or having a fit on Miss Helen Gould's doorsteps?"

"Dozens of 'em," says Silver. "How much capital have you got, Billy?"

"A thousand," I told him.

"I've got $1,200," says he. "We'll pool and do a big piece of business. There's so many ways we can make a million that I don't know how to begin."

The next morning Silver meets me at the hotel, and he is all sonorous and stirred with a kind of silent joy.

"We're to meet J. P. Morgan this afternoon," says he. "A man I know in the hotel wants to introduce us. He's a friend of his. He says he likes to meet people from the west."

"That sounds nice and plausible," says I. "I'd like to know Mr. Morgan."

"It won't hurt us a bit," says Silver, "to get acquainted with a few finance kings. I kind of like the social way New York has with strangers."

The man Silver knew was named Klein. At 3 o'clock Klein brought his Wall street friend to see us in Silver's room. "Mr. Morgan" looked some like his pictures, and he had a Turkish towel wrapped around his head, and he walked with a cane.

"Mr. Silver and Mr. Pescud," says Klein. "It sounds superfluous," says he, "to mention the name of the greatest financial"—

"Cut it out, Klein," says Mr. Morgan. "I'm glad to know you gents. I take great interest in the west. Klein tells me you're from Little Rock. I think I've a railroad or two out there somewhere. If either of you guys would like to deal a hand or two of stud poker I"—

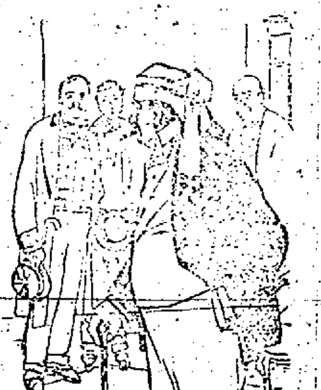
"Now, Pierpont," cuts in Klein, "you forget."

"Excuse me, gents," says Morgan. "Since I've had the gout so bad I sometimes play a social game of cards at my house. Neither of you never knew One Eyed Peters, did you, while you were around Little Rock? He lived in Seattle, N. M."

Before we could answer Mr. Morgan hammers on the floor with his cane and begins to walk up and down, swearing in a loud tone of voice.

"They have been pounding your stocks today on the street, Pierpont?" asks Klein, smiling.

"Stocks! No!" roars Mr. Morgan. "It's that picture I sent an agent to



"I'D PAY $50,000 TOMORROW FOR THAT PICTURE."

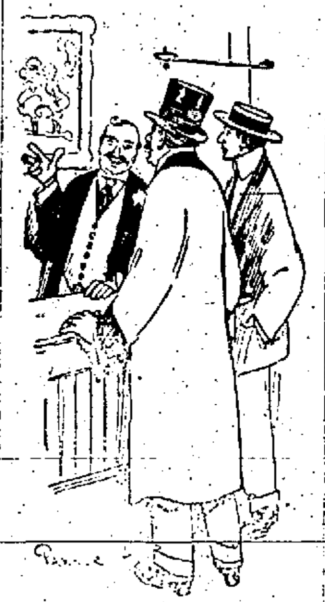
Europe to buy. I just thought about it. He cabled me today that it ain't to be found in all Italy. I'd pay $50,000 tomorrow for that picture—yes, $75,000. I give the agent a la carte in purchasing it. I cannot understand why the art galleries will allow a De Vinchy to"—

"Why, Mr. Morgan," says Klein, "I thought you owned all of the De Vinchy paintings!"

"What is the picture like, Mr. Morgan?" asks Silver. "It must be as big as the side of the Flatiron building."

"I'm afraid your art education is on the bum, Mr. Silver," says Morgan. "The picture is 27 by 42 inches, and it is called 'Love's Idle Hour.' It represents a number of cloak models doing the twostep on the bank of a purple river. The cablegram said it might have been brought to this country. My collection will never be complete without that picture. Well, so long, gents; us financiers must keep early hours."

Mr. Morgan and Klein went away together in a cab. Me and Silver talked about how simple and unsuspecting great people was, and Silver said what a shame it would be to try to rob a man like Mr. Morgan, and I said I thought it would be rather imprudent myself. Klein proposes a stroll after dinner, and me and him and Silver walks down toward Seventh avenue to see the sights. Klein sees a pair of



"I LOANED HIM $500 ON IT."

cuff links that instigate his admiration in a pawnshop window, and we all go in while he buys 'em.

After we got back to the hotel and Klein had gone Silver jumps at me and waves his hands.

"Did you see it?" says he. "Did you see it, Billy?"

"What?" I asks.

"Why, that picture that Morgan wants. It's hanging in that pawnshop, behind the desk. I didn't say anything because Klein was there. It's the article sure as you live. The girls are as natural as paint can make them, all measuring 36 and 25 and 42 skirts if they had any skirts, and they're doing a buck and wing on the bank of a river with the blues. What did Mr. Morgan say he'd give for it? Oh, don't make me tell you. They can't know what it is in that pawnshop."

When the pawnshop opened the next morning me and Silver was standing there as anxious as if we wanted to soak our Sunday suit to buy a drink. We sauntered inside and began to look at watch chains.

"That's a violent specimen of a chromo you've got up there," remarked Silver casual to the pawnbroker. "But I kind of enthuse over the girl with the shoulder blades and red bunting. Would an offer of $2.25 for it cause you to knock over any fragile articles of your stock in hurrying it off the nail?"

The pawnbroker smiles and goes on showing us plate watch chains.

"That picture," says he, "was pledged a year ago by an Italian gentleman. I loaned him $500 on it. It is called 'Love's Idle Hour,' and it is by Leonardo de Vinchy. Two days ago the legal time expired, and it became an unredeemed pledge. Here is a style of chain that is worn a great deal now."

At the end of half an hour me and Silver paid the pawnbroker $2,000 and walked out with the picture. Silver got into a cab with it and started for Morgan's office. I goes to the hotel and waits for him. In two hours Silver comes back.

"Did you see Mr. Morgan?" I asks. "How much did he pay you for it?"

Silver sits down and fools with a tassel on the table cover.

"I never exactly saw Mr. Morgan," he says, "because Mr. Morgan's been in Europe for a month. But what's worrying me, Billy, is this: The department stores have all got that same picture on sale, framed, for $3.48. And they charge $3.50 for the frame alone. That's what I can't understand."

Not a Philanthropist.

A sad and seedy individual gained admission to the offices of one of the city's best known legal firms and at last somehow penetrated to the sanctum of the senior partner.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "what do you want?"

The visitor was nothing if not frank. "Half a dollar," he said boldly.

The man's unusual manner caught the lawyer's curiosity.

"There you are," he said, handing out the money. "And now I should like to have you tell me how you came to fall so low in the world."

The visitor sighed. "All my youth," he explained, "I had counted on inheriting something from my uncle, but when he died he left all he had to an orphan asylum."

"A philanthropist," commented the lawyer. "What did his estate consist of?"

"Ten children," said the visitor, and vanished.—Brooklyn Eagle.

More Civic Rivalry.

Squire Durkitt—We don't have any burglaries in Lonelyville, and you've had half a dozen or more in your town.

Uncle Welby Gosh of Drearyhurst—Ther' ain't nothin' in your blamed old town that's wuth stealin', an' the burglars all know it.—Chicago Tribune.

SIRES AND SONS.

Francis M. Cockrell of Missouri served thirty years as United States senator and five years as an interstate commerce commissioner.

Sir Robert Ball, the famous astronomer, is to give up lecturing and will in future devote himself entirely to astronomical research at the Cambridge observatory.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., has purchased Aldenham Abbey, in Hertfordshire, from Dugald Stuart. Mr. Morgan will rechristen the place Wall Hall, which was its original name.

Umpire Bob Emslie lives in Guelph, Ont. He was a pitcher from 1882 to 1887. He began umpiring in 1888. Since 1891 he has been a member of the National league staff of umpires.

Charles F. Johnson, the new Democratic United States senator from Maine, is fifty-two years of age, and the length of his active service in the party is indicated by the fact that he was its candidate for governor twenty years ago.

Representative Gilbert M. Hitchcock, who has been elected Democratic senator from Nebraska, will have the unique distinction of wearing a senatorial toga that once rested on the shoulders of his late father, though his father's bore the Republican label.

Edwin Ginn, the Boston publisher, who has announced his intention of giving $50,000 annually to the maintenance of the International School of Peace and of making a permanent endowment for the institution, has long been known for his philanthropies. Mr. Ginn was born in Maine in 1838.

The Royal Box.

When the [illegible] of Saxony's castle at Dresden took fire recently the king personally directed the operations of the fire brigade, which worked for three hours before subduing the flames.

Crown Princess Sophia of Greece, wife of Crown Prince Konstantinos, is the commander of one of the finest regiments of the army of Greece. She is the sister of the emperor of Germany and ranks there as Princess of Prussia. She is the mother of five children.

The new king of Montenegro when he assumed his title decreed that every one addressing him as "prince" must pay a fine of a dollar for the benefit of the poor. Since then he has been obliged to pay the fine himself 202 times since he persists in referring to himself or his wife as prince or princess.

Sporting Notes.

The breaking of a shoulder blade in a $1,200 guaranteed bout with Johnny Kilbane at Cleveland recently will cost Abe Attell at least $12,000.

At Yale university's new boathouse one of the innovations is the placing of large mirrors beside the rowing machines to enable the novice oarsmen to observe better rowing form.

The legitimate expenses of a major league baseball club are $100,000 a year. This doesn't include the "war fund" set aside in case the obstreperous big minors kick over the traces.

Captain Roy Mercer, University of Pennsylvania football captain for 1911 and also All-American fullback, is great [illegible] an all around athlete and is also said to excel in tennis, baseball and all around gymnastics. He is about twenty-one years of age.

Wireless Whispers.

The Panama congress has passed a bill authorizing the construction of a wireless telegraph station at Colon.

So favorable is the atmosphere of Argentina to wireless telegraphy that the postmaster general proposes to substitute it for the present telegraph system.

Amazing results have been achieved at the ultra powerful Marconi wireless telegraph station near Pisa. Communication was established with stations in Ireland and Canada and Massaua in the East African Italian colony of Eritrea.

Tales of Cities.

At the present rate of increase Barcelona will have a population of a million in a few years.

New York city's indebtedness is seven times that of any other city in the country. The debt is about $142 for each inhabitant.

The city of Milwaukee has adopted the thumb print system of paying off its employees in order to protect the city against fraud by forgery or impersonation.

College and School.

Chicago has eleven colleges and universities, with 13,633 students.

New Jersey maintains its high standard of public schools at an average cost of about 20 cents a day a pupil.

The Chilean maritime province of Entre Rios has equipped two floating schools to enable the residents of its islands to obtain an education.

Household Hints.

When wiping silver take care to use a towel free from lint. Silver, like glassware, shows every particle of lint that touches it.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drainpipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipes.

When the knobs of kettle lids are too hot to handle, cover them with a rubber nipple or with several thicknesses of adhesive paper and the heat will not be felt.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Gerda Planting-Gyllenbåga is the first woman in Sweden outside of Stockholm to be chosen to the city council. She was elected to the council of Huskvarna.

Mrs. George Bowyer Young, a granddaughter of Jefferson Davis, has given up a luxurious home in Colorado Springs and has gone to live on a ranch forty miles from a railroad.

Miss Mabel Edith Ransom of Perry, Okla., hungry for education, rode horseback from her home to Lawrence, Kan., to enter the state university. The trip called for a mere canter of only 350 miles.

Dr. Rose Ringgold is the only woman contract surgeon in the United States army. When on duty she wears a divided skirt and a uniform coat. Miss Ringgold now is in the Philippines, where she expects to spend several years.

Miss Gardner of Indianapolis is said to be directly responsible for the open air school for delicate children which has become an institution in that city. She appeared before the board of education and by her arguments prevailed on it to give such a school a trial.

The Countess of Warwick, who was Frances Evelyn Maynard before her marriage, is a Socialist. She takes a deep interest in agricultural education also and has founded a college at Studley Castle, Warwickshire, for training women in horticulture and other outdoor occupations.

The Writers.

Emerson Hough's favorite sports are grizzly bear hunting, quail shooting and trout fishing. He also has a passion for old mahogany.

J. B. Connolly, the author, is the son of a New England skipper and was brought up in the region of which some of his stories are laid—the Gloucester shore.

William Dean Howells, novelist, editor, poet and critic, comes from a well to do Welsh Quaker ancestry. He was born at Martins Ferry, O., March 1, 1837. He never went to college, and his education was gained largely in the office of a country newspaper of which his father was editor.

Current Comment.

The seventeen year locusts are due again this year, but possibly they will forget to keep the appointment.—Kansas City Star.

In Indianapolis one of the first depositors in the Postal Savings bank was a newspaper man. We knew the experiment would justify itself.—Washington Herald.

Wilbur Wright says that in time the law will check the recklessness of the too daring aviator. In the meantime the law of gravitation is doing that work pretty well.—Denver Republican.

Recent Inventions.

Placers that lock when closed and that require considerable force to open have been patented by a California inventor.

With a view to horses' comfort, a Philadelphian has invented a checkrein operating from the sides of the head instead of from the top.

Working on the principle of a pair of scissors, which it resembles, is a new lead pencil sharpener invented by a Californian. One lever ends in a tube to hold a pencil, while the other is a knife blade that cuts the wood.

Pert Personals.

Speaker Cannon has arranged to visit the Alps next summer. He has always admired the way the Alps have stood pat.—Kansas City Star.

Eagle, of [illegible] notoriety, breaks out in verse, "I dread to look upon my many selves." So would we, Ferdinand, if we were in your fix.—Pittsburg Sun.

Just say there is a suspicion of oil wells on the planet Venus and Deacon Rockefeller will endow a telescope powerful enough to locate them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Placed.

Mrs. B.—Is she a Mary of the vine clad cottage? Mrs. M.—No, a Martha of the rubber plant flat.—Harper's Bazar.

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HOURS 8:30 to 12, 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
[illegible], Mgr.
This hotel has been overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well [illegible].

[illegible]
[illegible] Props.
[illegible]

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. [illegible], Prop.
[illegible] Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
[illegible] give me a call.

C. J. [illegible]
Practical Blacksmith.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

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THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

BURNING OF WIDOWS.

The Horrible Rite India Maintained For Over Twenty Centuries.

The abolition of the horrid rite of widow burning in India was decreed by the British authorities in 1829.

The dreadful practice was found there by the Macedonians under Alexander the Great 300 years before Christ, and for more than twenty-one long, weary centuries did it repeat its almost inconceivable torture and agony upon the women of India. The sacrifice, while not actually forced on the wife, was so strongly insisted on by public opinion that it amounted to a law, and its victims were legion. Scores of widows were often burned upon the funeral pile of a single rajah. In Bengal, the head center of the monstrosity, thousands were sacrificed annually, and the figure for all India was appalling.

The millions of widowed women were completely at the mercy of the remorseless superstition of the times. The ministers of Brahmanism told the widow that her sacrifice was necessary as a means of her own happiness and that of her husband in the future state, and oftener than otherwise she consented to be burned along with the dead body of her husband. Unless she did this she was covered with the maledictions and curses of the people, was virtually outlawed and unceremoniously cast outside the pale of human sympathy and consideration and had to spend the rest of her days in degradation and wretchedness. It was death on the funeral pile of her husband or a living death of contumely and shame, of loneliness and misery.

The women of India can never discharge their debt of gratitude to England for the abolition of the suttee.—New York American.

ON THE TRAIL.

But He Didn't Know the Kind of Game He Was Tracking.

In the old days a man known as Judge Douglass lived in Helena, Mont. The judge had met with an accident in his youth and had lost both of his legs above the knees. He never would get artificial legs, but had some big leather pads made to fit on the ends of the stumps and walked on them.

Locomotion was slow for the judge, but he managed to cover a good deal of ground and was very fond of walking out on the edge of the town, where he could take his exercise without being the subject of remark from strangers in the city.

One day an Englishman came to Helena to hunt. He had some letters and put up at the Helena club. He stayed around for several days. Finally, after a light fall of snow, he decided to go out into the mountains and get a sheep or a deer or something.

He left early in the morning. When it came night he had not returned. His hosts around the club waited until 8 o'clock and then decided to go out and look him up, thinking he might have been lost in one of the gulches or canyons in the hills.

They formed a rescue party and went out to the edge of the town. There they met the Englishman, who was wildly excited.

"Did you get anything?" they asked him.

"No," he replied, "not yet, but I've been tracking a[illegible] for the last three hours."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Juries In the Old Days.

In olden times when a jury in England [illegible] gentle mode of persuasion [illegible] and imprisonment [illegible]. The jury that acquitted Sir Nicholas Throckmorton [illegible] months' imprisonment in addition to the payment of a large sum of money. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a jury, having reduced a prisoner's alleged crime of murder to that of manslaughter, was at once sent to prison and bound over in a large sum to be of good behavior. Penalties were likewise inflicted upon the [illegible] wife and children of the offending jurymen.

A Moving Sermon.

"[illegible]" said an English clergyman. "For [illegible] I [illegible] the necessity of [illegible] [illegible] I gazed [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] to turn her [illegible]

A [illegible]

"Where [illegible] your [illegible]?" asked the [illegible]

"A farmer [illegible] me there with his carpetbag," replied the other.

"It must have been a [illegible] carpetbag."

"Yes; [illegible] I sold [illegible]"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Anyhow, [illegible] Gone.

Mr. Jones [illegible] brains [illegible] Mrs. Jewbrick. Somebody's [illegible] if you ever had any [illegible]—New York American.

The Old, Old Story.

"Daughter, has the duke told you the old, old story as yet?"

"Yes, he says he owes about 200,000 plunks."—Pittsburg Post.

For himself doth a man work evil in working evil for another.—Hesiod.

THE HENPECKED CLUB.

Queer Methods of a Queer Society in Lancashire, England.

Of all the queer clubs that exist in the world you will find some of the queerest in Lancashire, England. One of these is called the Henpecked club. As the title indicates, its members are all males, and you can come across a club in almost every Lancashire town of any size.

The meetings are held, as a rule, in some bar parlor, and the discussions are about members and often nonmembers who have the reputation of being henpecked. When evidence has been brought to show that a particular man has allowed himself to come under his wife's thumb they tax him with it in the place of meeting. The president delivers a lecture on the danger of a husband permitting his wife to usurp his position as master, and when the others have indorsed his remarks the person to whom the speeches are addressed is warned that if he continues to stand the henpecking he will be made the subject of a demonstration.

The announcement that a "henpecked" club demonstration is to take place is received in the district with mixed feelings. The men applaud it, and the local police, recalling similar displays that led to trouble, become a little anxious. On the evening appointed the members of the club meet at a public house, where they arm themselves with all kinds of household utensils; then, led by concertina players or a tin whistle band, they start out and march along the crowded streets of the district.

One man carries a broom, another a swab, a third a shovel or a coal scuttle or a fender or a poker. Fire tongs, blacklead brushes, washtubs, buckets—everything used in the home, in fact—is carried shoulder high. As they march along to the music in front and the discordant clanging of their baggage they sing snatches of songs in which the name of the victim occurs often.

The mission of the verses, which have been specially composed for the occasion by a local poet, is to hold up the henpecked one to ridicule, the reason for the demonstrators bearing the household goods being, of course, to remind him that, having fallen under petticoat government, he will quickly become the slavey.

When they reach the cottage where their victim resides they form a circle in front of the door and sing and clang their fenders and coal scuttles more loudly than ever.

The man inside is invoked by the president during a halt in the program to "be a man" and join his brethren. Sometimes if he looks upon the affair as more of a joke than anything else he does their bidding, and they reform and march to headquarters with him at their head. Usually, however, his wife appears instead with a bucket of soapy water, which she promptly throws over the demonstrators, or she quickly causes a clearance with a hose pipe.

To the onlooker it is just an exhibition for laughter and nothing more, but behind the scenes there is generally a lot of trouble and heartaching. A good number of these "henpecked" demonstrations have sequels in police courts. Sometimes it is an enraged victim being charged with assaulting a demonstrator, but more often than not the sequel shows a wife appealing to the magistrate for a separation order.—London Tit-Bits.

A Bullet Stopped the Game.

Alfred de Musset, the poet and dramatist, was almost as fond of chess as of poetry. He played nearly every night at the Cafe de la Regence, and even the revolution of February, 1848, did not divert him from his habit. He turned up as usual and, finding no one there to play with, insisted that the waiter should make a game for him. The waiter did so, though a fusillade was raging in the street outside, and all went well until a musket bullet smashed a mirror in immediate proximity to the board. Musset was anxious to continue in spite of the interruption, but his opponent would not. "With monsieur's permission," he said, "we will adjourn the game until after the republic has been proclaimed."—Paris Gaulois.

Sentimental Juries.

Maitre Henri Robert, the most famous advocate in criminal cases at the Paris bar, told an audience almost entirely composed of ladies that before any jury a woman with some youth, some looks and a pretty voice has fifty chances out of a hundred of being acquitted, whereas a man would have only one. If she knows how to shed tears at the right moment she need not worry—a verdict of not guilty is a dead certainty.—Paris Letter.

A Rogues' Gallery.

"You know Mrs. Van Gilder's family portrait gallery that she started last year?"

"Yes."

"Well, that great criminal detective office who guarded the wedding presents when Frostie Van Gilder married the oldest De Graft boy told me that he recognized seven of the portraits and they had all done time, whatever that means."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woes of Wealth.

"Then wealth doesn't bring happiness?"

"No. Since we inherited money my people don't want me to loaf in the grocery. And I can't get no comfort out of loafing in a bank. The hours are too short."—Pittsburg Post.

Honorable industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty, and progress is altogether impossible without it.—Samuel Smiles.

DEADLY MINE GASES.

Their Action Upon the Flame of the Safety Lamp.

The safety lamp, a heavy metal lantern shaped object with a circular globe of heavy plate glass, is the only light other than electricity that can be safely carried into a gaseous mine. The lamps are lit before they are taken into the mine and, in addition, are securely locked, that no accident or ignorant intention may expose the open flame to the gases of the mine. Over a small sooty yellow flame which gives a light less bright than that of an ordinary candle are two wire gauze cones fitting snugly inside the heavy globe, and it is through these cones that the flame draws the air which supports it. The presence of black damp, or carbon dioxide, can easily be detected, if not by its odor, by the action of the flame, which grows dim and, if the black damp exists in any quantity, is finally extinguished. White damp, the highly explosive gas which is most feared, has, on the other hand, a totally different effect. In the presence of this gas the flame of the safety lamp becomes pointed, and as the gas grows stronger the flame seems to separate from the wick and an almost invisible blue cone forms beneath it. If the miner continues to advance into the white damp he will pass through a line in which there are nine parts of air to one part gas (the explosive mixture), and the lamp will instantly register this explosive condition by a sudden crackling inside the gauze and the extinguishing of the flame. Were it an open lamp the explosion ignited by the flame would sweep throughout the entire workings, carrying death and destruction before it, but by the construction of the safety lamp the explosion confines itself to the limited area within the gauze cones, and unless the lamp is moved suddenly and the flame is dragged through the gauze at the instant that the explosion occurs within the globe it will not extend beyond the gauze.—Atlantic.

SPHERICITY OF THE EARTH.

"Parallax" Bet Against It, and He Lost His Wager.

The straightest canal in the world is in England and runs from Erith, in Cambridgeshire, to Denvers Sluice, twenty-two miles away. It was here that years ago a decisive experiment was conducted to prove the sphericity of the earth. At that time, says "Highways and Byways in Cambridgeshire," a deluded gentleman, who called himself "Parallax," was obsessed with the notion that the globe was a flat disk and used to go lecturing with great vigor on the subject. After these lectures he invited questions, none of which was able to shake his belief. When asked, for example, "Why does the hull of a ship disappear below the horizon while the masts remain visible?" he would answer, "Because the lowest stratum of air is the densest and therefore soonest conceals objects seen through it." Finally he showed his whole hearted belief in his absurd views by laying a heavy wager that no one would disprove them. The stakes were deposited in the hands of judges, and the trial, under agreed conditions, took place upon the New river, as part of the canal is called. Three boats were moored three miles apart, each provided with a crosstree of equal height. If the earth was spherical the central cross would appear above the other to an observer looking through a telescope leveled from the crosstree of the boat at either end; if it was flat he would see both the other crosstrees as one. "Parallax" declared that he did see them so, but the judges unanimously decided against him, and the poor man lost his money.

We're All Actors.

Mme. Alexandria Viarda, the Polish tragedienne, once propounded the following:

"It is a strange thing, but ask a man to mend a rip in his coat.

"No; he is not a tailor.

"Ask another to stop the faucet from leaking.

"No; he's not a plumber.

"Or another to do a bit of cabinet work.

"No; he is not a carpenter.

"But ask any one of the three or all of them to enact a little part in a play and each will smile in fatuous confidence and instantly acquiesce.

"But watch him act!"

Saintliness Unpopular.

That state of mind which let us call the ignominy of the virtuous is not entirely confined to boys of nine years. I have seen grown men and women, being accused of saintliness, over whose faces passed an expression of mortification. They would accept with more complacency the tribute that they were getting to be devils in their old age.—Atlantic.

Lack of Tact.

"That man is about the most tactless person I have ever known."

"I agree with you. He would have no more sense than to ask a barber to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of providing a monument for the inventor of the safety razor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Knew Her Dad.

Smithers—Do you know any one who has a horse to sell? She—Yes; I suspect old Brown has. Smithers—Why? She—Well, papa sold him one yesterday.—London Punch.

Not Homemade.

Defending Counsel (to witness in bandages)—Are you married? Witness—No; I was knocked down by a cab last week.

TOWER HILL.

A Noted London Spot, the Scene of Many Famous Occurrences.

Tower Hill is perhaps both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all London. Few of us think what great persons have quietly lived there and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it.

To it, or rather to, Great Tower street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune teller, while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, farseeing rogue, who, when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this hill in a house close to London wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1685—a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull tavern. This was the ill fated Otway. At the time when the son of the muses lay dead Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own fictitious sorrows in "Venice Preserved."

It was in Great Tower street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion, Lord Carmarthen.—London Standard.

ATHLETIC DEVOTIONS.

Gymnastic Exercises That Impressed the Kurdish Villagers.

Everything is liable to be misunderstood, even gymnastic exercises. This truth was brought home to George H. Hepworth, and he tells his experience in "Through Armenia on Horseback." The author was stopping in a Kurdish village, and the inn possessed but one general living room.

In the morning I began my regular gymnastics, stooping until my fingers touched the floor, throwing my arms about like the spokes of a wheel, striking out from the shoulder and going through all the exercises, none of which I ever omitted. I would gladly have taken a sponge bath, but it would have been impossible to get enough water. A pint is enough to suffice a Turk.

Well, I got under way with my exercises when I saw that my audience was excited; conversation dropped into a whisper, then ceased; word passed from one to another, and one by one the occupants of the room quietly left. I feared that they were offended and wanted to call them back and apologize. Just then my dragoman entered, laughing.

"What has happened?" I asked.

He laughed the harder as he replied:

"The Kurds think you are practicing devotional religious exercises, and they retired under the impression that you would regard their presence as an intrusion."

Invisible Indians.

All Indians seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking unseen, making themselves invisible like certain spiders, which, in case of alarm, caused, for example, by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct.—John Muir in Atlantic.

An Elusive Water Lily.

The water lily of the Amazon has very elusive habits. The buds open twice, the first time just a chink at the tip in the early sunrise hours, a sort of premonitory symptom. On the following evening it spreads its four sepals with such alacrity that you can see them move. But the big white bud among them remains unchanged until 4 o'clock in the morning, when it hurriedly spreads its blossom wide open, remaining in this condition only half an hour. Within the hour it is nearly closed, and by another hour and a half the entire flower has been drawn under water by the coiling of the stalk.

Diamonds.

Diamonds were first brought to Europe from the east, where the mine of Sumbulpoor was the first known. Golconda, now in ruins, was once a celebrated diamond mart. The mines of Brazil were discovered in 1728 and for a long time furnished most of the diamonds of commerce. In 1867 diamonds were discovered in Cape Colony, and in 1870 the wonderful finds in the Transvaal were made which resulted in the immense fortunes of the late Cecil Rhodes and others. Most of the diamonds of the world are now furnished by the South African fields.—New York American.

A Crusher.

"Yes, sir," said the trust magnate proudly, "I am the architect of my own fortune."

"Well," rejoined the friendly critic, "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you there were no building inspectors around when you was constructing it."—Chicago News.

The Honeymoon.

"Mamma, is a honeymoon a vacation?"

"It may be, my dear, and it may be the beginning of a long period of servitude."—Youngstown Telegram.

Theatrical News.

Mary has a little calf.
"With that," you say, "don't bore us."
All right, but that's the reason Ma-
Ry can't get in the chorus.
—Lippincott's.

Easy to Explain.

Beers—Why is Dallwimeier still wearing his last year's overcoat?

Tittsworth—It's because he's still paying on his 1910 auto.—Chicago News.

Astronomical.

Uranus is the only one of our system of planets which rotates backward.

The equator of Mars is inclined to the plane of its orbit about 25 degrees. That of the earth is inclined 23 degrees 24 minutes.

Evidence has been collected by the Smithsonian institution's branch observatory on Mount Wilson, California, tending to show that the sun is a variable star.

A National Flower.

The proposal to make maize a national emblem is open to amendment from the southern states by substituting mint.—New York World.

The discussion has been raised over the question, "What shall be our national flower?" Suppose we adopt the modest violet.—Nashville Banner.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and Applications for license for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 8, A. D. 1911.

HOTEL LICENSES.

Bradford City.

First Ward.

T. F. Connelly, Connelly Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic Street, residence same.

A. W. Eygabroat, United States Hotel, Nos. 19 and 21 Mechanic Street, residence same.

Ella Fox and W. A. Hopley, St. James Hotel, Nos. 2, 4, 6, and 8 South Avenue, residence same.

S. E. Conroy, Capitol Hotel, Nos. 46 and 48 Main Street, residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, at Northwest corner of Main and Davis Streets, residence same.

C. E. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 and 86 Main Street, residence same.

P. H. Lavelle, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main Street, residence same.

B. F. McBride, Option House, No. 41 Main Street, residence same.

M. P. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 124 and 126 Main Street, residence same.

W. J. McDonell, Industry Hotel, Nos. 15, 17, 19 Davis Street, residence same.

P. Mulqueen, Marston House, Nos. 5 and 7 Mechanic Street, residence same.

Z. J. Pearson, New Edgett Hotel, Nos. 81 and 85 Main Street, residence same.

Charles O. Gash, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 87 and 89 Main Street, residence at No. 165 Davis Street.

A. C. Stengel, Curry House, Nos. 18 and 20 Webster Street, residence same.

John McCaffrey, Oil City House, Nos. 122, 124 Main Street, residence same.

Fred Hetherlinger, Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 and 16 Pine Street, residence same.

Third Ward.

Jacob Brendel, Aiken House, Nos. 15 and 17 West Washington Street, residence same.

J. T. O'Donnell, City Hotel, No. 15 Mechanic Street, residence No. 156 Pleasant Street.

Fifth Ward.

E. A. Hathaway, Rochester Hotel, Nos. 211, 213 Main Street, residence same.

Sixth Ward.

Frank G. Klee, Tuna Valley House, No. 113 East Main Street, residence same.

John Becker, American House, No. 144 East Main Street, residence same.

Eldred Borough.

C. P. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, S. W. corner Main and Depot Streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Fred Stickman, Central Hotel, No. 70 Main Street, residence Eldred Borough.

Thomas J. Stevens, Gold Eagle Hotel, N. West corner of Railroad and Depot Streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Foster Township.

E. S. Harvey, Rew City Hotel, corner of Bradford and Smethport road and Plank Road Highway, residence Rew City.

Hamlin Township.

Fred John Block and John Carl Block, Hazelhurst House, south side of Main Street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Emerson Jack, Hotel Hazel, north side of Main Street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough.

First Ward.

Stephen Barrett, Jr., Windsor Hotel, Nos. 17, 19 and 21 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Dawson P. Crane, Kane House, Nos. 153, 155 and 157 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Joseph Rustin, New Arlington Hotel, No. 15 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

P. W. Durkin, Baxley Hotel, No. 125 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel LaMont, Nos. 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Morris B. Pierce, New Pleasing Hotel, Nos. 93 to 97 on the west side of Fraley street, residence same.

[illegible] Griffin Hotel, Nos. 75 and 77 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

Lawrence C. Bissell, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 and 64 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

P. C. Hagenmiller, Alpha, No. 22 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Fourth Ward.

C. F. Hearst, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 162, 164, 166 and 168 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Lafayette Township.

William Doyle, The Mountain House, Marshburg, N. side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence Marshburg, Pa.

James McHoney, Butts House, Mount Alton, cor. of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Rixerville, residence Mount Alton, Pa.

Lewis Run Borough.

John Prohaupple, The Bradford House, Lewis Run, residence Lewis Run, Pa.

Mount Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Campbell House, on south side of Main Street, being Lot No. 30 east on Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

E. C. Cleveland, Brewer House, south side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

E. W. Long, The Commercial Hotel, south side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

B. D. Thompson, Lunden House, south side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

Otto Township.

Frank A. Butts, The Duke House, Duke Center, corner Main and Bradford Streets, residence Duke Center, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, The Butler House, S. E. cor. Main and Mill Streets, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Chester S. King, Sartwell House, N. side of Mill Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

P. J. [illegible], Connolly House, Nos. 5 and 7 Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Samuel St. Clair, New St. Clair House, W. side of Pearl Street, near Railroad Depot, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Mary Ellen Connolly, City Hotel, W. side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Sergeant Township.

John L. Smith, [illegible] House, Clermont, residence Clermont, Pa.

Frederick J. S[illegible], Clermont House, Clermont, cor. of Pine Street and Main Highway, residence Clermont, Pa.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, corner of Main and Mechanic Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

M. S. Geary, Hotel Imperial, corner of Main and Fulton Streets, No. 101 Main Street, residence Smethport Borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, South side of West Main Street, residence Smethport Borough.

Fred L. McCrary, Cottage House, corner of Water and Fulton Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

Thomas H. Purtle, Commercial House, corner of Main and Franklin Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

EATING HOUSE OR RESTAURANT LICENSES.

Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

P. C. Hagenmiller, Alpha, No. 22 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

Mary Ellen Connolly, City Restaurant, west side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City.

First Ward.

Charles H. Brown, No. 128 Main Street, residence No. 193 Congress Street.

A. M. Mayer and M. Rolland, doing business as A. Mayer & Company, No. 130 Main Street, residence Bradford City.

Lewis Brown & Emanuel Braunschweiger, No. 3 Mechanic Street, residence Bradford City.

Saul Werthman, No. 98 Main Street, residence No. 42 Boylston Street.

Kane Borough.

First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 81 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

George W. Berry, No. 139 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

John E. Healy, No. 72 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Lunden, North side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, west side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Smethport Borough.

Fred H. Hungiville, south side of Main street in Square No. 82, residence Smethport Borough.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City.

Fourth Ward.

James W. Boileaux and Cornelius King, Independent Bottling Works, No. 56 Mechanic Street, residence Bradford City.

Eldred Borough.

E. R. Tanner, north side of Elm Street, residence Eldred Borough.

Hamlin Township.

W. L. Studley, Hazelhurst, east side of Randall Street, Lot No. 10, residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

J. M. McCarty, No. 20 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City.

Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, Wm. Hopley, President; Delevan Emery, Secretary, Nos. 16 to 26 Fourth Street, its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted the day preceding the commencement of the term of said license or the same will be void.

FRANK R. FOSTER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 27, 1911.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG